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On the Frontiſpiece.

Whoſe Chance it is, to take in hand this Book,
In the Satyric-Mirror *let him look.*
Wherein, if Wiſe, with much Delight he'l ſee,
From what mad Vice his Nobler Soul is free.
If Fooliſh; he'l aſtoniſh'd be to find,
A Stranger better knew, than he, his Mind:
And if he flies from ſo ſevere a School,
To wink boots not, when Others ſee the Fool.

M. VAL. MARTIALIS
LONDON
Printed for Samuel Lon

21

SELECT

EPIGRAMS

OF

MARTIAL

ENGLISHED.

Dicitur & noſtros cantare Britannia verſus.
Lib. XI. Ep. 4.

LICENSED,

April 23. 1689. *James Fraſer.*

In the SAVOY:

Printed by Edward Jones, for Samuel Lowndes, againſt Exeter-Change in the Strand, 1689.

bod. a. 28.

BIBLIOTECA

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

On Tranſlation in General.

HE that Tranſlates, than he that Writes,
(does more;
For he muſt pleaſe upon a double Score,
That of his Author firſt, then on his own,
Hold out compar'd, be Good when read alone.

When he that from his Brain does firſt endite,
Has paid all Debts, if well he do but write.
Tranſlation then a Comment ought to be,
Not only change the Tongue, but Author free
From Darkneſs; clear his Senſe, ſometimes improve:
For if the Second Pen *ſoars not above*
His loweſt Stoops, 'twill ne're that Grace repay,
Which in the Work, too oft, will ſlip away.
But then, who will tranſlate to this Degree,
Be held the Author's Second Self. *to be,*
Muſt not cleave ſervilely to ev'ry Phraſe,
And think, therein, he has deſerv'd the Bays.
Sometimes, tis true, a Word's *an* Epigram,
There he muſt Sweat, till he expreſs the ſame
With like Felicity: But on each Word
Who equal Pains and Travel ſhall afford,

And think't a Maſtery the ſame to hit,
Will oft ſpend Coſt on Weakneſs 'ſtead of Wit;
Make his Verſe ſtrut, and pride it in that part,
Which was the Author's Shift, perhaps, not Art.
Some things will beſt, ſome will require a
Change,
And the chief Purpoſe *will appear leſs ſtrange*
In new Terms, *than its* own. *A nobler Aim*
He will purſue, if he ſhall ſeek a Name,
By keeping of the Force, not Words; the Wit
And Grace, and evermore the Genius *hit,*
That powerful Thing *ſo hard 'tis to expound,*
But in whatever is well Writ, *is found.*
But then no Law with them will e're diſpenſe,
Who wildly ramble from the Author's ſenſe;
Not only ſhift his Phraſe, but leave his way;
Follow not his, but their own Phancies ſway;

Never rememb'ring what they undertook,
Namely, to Engliſh, not to write, a Book.
To ſuch we ſay, Martial *we hop'd to ſee,*
His Epigrams, not thoſe were writ by Thee.
Doſt ask, If I have All *theſe* Rules *obey'd?*
Th'ave been my Aim, *however I have ſtray'd.*

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

On the Preſent Tranſlation.

WHo for the Public View employs his Pen,
Writes to as many Judges, as to Men;
To thoſe know more than he, to thoſe know leſs;
To thoſe are Skill'd, to thoſe can only Gueſs;

He muſt ſubmit (althô he loſe his Cauſe)
To trifling Phancies, as to equal Laws:
Nay, and as if th' Objections were too few,
Himſelf, againſt Himſelf, muſt find out new
And curious, ſuch as much Pains have taught,
And great Experience only could have brought:
And anſw'ring all, he's yet not free'd from Fear:
For when thus arm'd at ev'ry Point, ev'n where
He leaſt does think of Wounds, the fatal Steel
(Thô like Achilles dipt) will find his Heel.
Thus I am charg'd ——

Cenſ.] — *From th' Author thou doſt range,*
His Senſe abridge, enlarge, and ſometimes change.
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I oft ſhould loſe the end, to keep the way;
And thô, my Author to Tranſlate, might boaſt,
His Wit would vaniſh, and his Drift be loſt.

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The Heathen World were so engulfed in,
If any 'scap'd the Knowledge of't before,
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Thou slightst his smartest Epigrams, and best.
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Unless he also could translate the Age,
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When the flat Preacher does Exhort in vain,
A thousand Vices by his Verse are slain,

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And Virtues taught: Men rather would be dead
Than in his Poems branded, or ill read.
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Ambitious that the Author them ſhould own.
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My Margent's fair, & with few Notes is charg'd.
Nor do I rove from the preſcrib'd Intent,
But plainer ſhew, what 'twas the Poet meant:
Which Gloſſes, thô not Children of his Brain,
Yet for his Childrens Children may be ta'en.
And who, the Latin, *vainly, ſhall contend*
In as few Engliſh *words to comprehend,*
Againſt this Evil he will never fence,
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Heaps of dry Names, in part too, I omit,
When more they clogg, than they advance, the Wit:

Cuſtoms,

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Coins, names of Fiſhes, Fowls, & various Meat,
Of which, beſt Criticks doubt, althô they treat,
When to ſpeak Engliſh, *is impos'd my Task,*
'Tis fooliſh to affect a Latin *Maſk.*
And, learned Reader, *thou wert not my Care*
In this, who canſt th' Original *compare;*
But thoſe who only do the Engliſh *know,*
And further than I lead them, cannot go.

Cenſ.] *Th' Epigrams thou *diſorder'ſt without Cauſe.*

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If Phaney place a few, Reaſon can none;
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Tho I proclaim thereby my want of Art.
And oft the Craggy Epigrammick Strain
Will not allow a ſmooth Marſhian *Vein:*
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The Sting, *the* Force, *the* Genius, *muſt neglect.*
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The Generous and Brave encourage more;

And more Illuſtrious ſtill is his Renown,
Who takes, when many are repuls'd, the Town.
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The Wits *of Old would ſhare among a Score*
One Epigram, and thought their Pains ſo poor,
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Nought yet is done, it will remain thy Debtor.
Cenſ.] *But few Epigrams, and not choſen well,*
Thou to the World preſent'ſt ——
Tranſ.] —— *Thoſe that Excel*
To nobler Pens I leave; which I wiſh may
Far out-do mine, and ev'ry weak Eſſay
The World has known. Nor ſhall I grieve to ſee,
On this Account, my Leaves condemn'd to be

Man-

Mantles for Soap and Spice, Carpets for Pyes,
While the Illuſtrious Piece *in the Desk lyes,*
Adorn'd with Art and Coſt, rich Gilt and Strung
Th' Applauſe and Joy of ev'ry Ear and Tongue

SELECT EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL ENGLISHED.

LIB. Spectac.

Epigr. 1. *On* Cæſar's *Amphitheatre.*

EGYPT, forbear thy Pyramids to praiſe,
A barb'rous Work up to a Wonder raiſe;
Let *Babylon* ceaſe th' inceſſant Toyl to prize,
Which made her Walls to ſuch immenſneſs riſe;

Nor let th' *Epheſians* boaſt the curious Art,
Which Wonder to their Temple does impart.
Delos diſſemble too the high'ſt Renown,
Which did thy Horn-fram'd Altar lately crown;
And *Caria* to vaunt thy Mauſoleum ſpare,
Sumptuous for Coſt, and yet for Art more rare,
As not borne up, but pendulous i'th' Air:
All Works to *Ceſar*'s Theatre give place,
This Wonder *Fame* above the Seven does grace.

Ep. 2. *On the Publick Works.*

Where the Etherial *Coloſs* does appear,
The towring Machin to the Stars draw near,
The hated Court, which ſo much Bloud did ſpill,
Late ſtood; one Houſe the City ſeem'd to fill!
Where the ſtupendious Theatre's vaſt Pile
Is rear'd, there *Nero*'s Fiſh-ponds were e're-while.
Here, where the Baths, a great, yet ſpeedy, Gift
All Men admire, (the People left to ſhift
For Dwellings) late was a proud ample Space,
Reſerv'd to boaſt an inſolent State and Grace.

Where now a goodly Tarras does extend,
The City both with Shade and Walks befriend,
Was but the Courts ſagg and expiring End.
Rome's to it ſelf reſtor'd; in *Cæſar*'s Reign,
The Prince's Joys, the People do obtain.

Ep. 3. *To* Cæſar *exhibiting Shows.*

What Land's ſo barb'rous, *Cæſar*, ſo remote,
Whoſe Natives come not to admire thy Court?
Rough *Thracians* from *Hemus* hither ſpeed,
Fierce *Tartars*, who on Fleſh of Horſes feed;
Who the *Nile* drink at the firſt Spring and Head,
Britains from utmoſt *Thule* hither led;
Arabs make haſte, *Cilicians* poſting come,
And in their Saffron Showrs are drench'd at *Rome*;
Germans with rolling Locks in knots up furl'd,
Ethiops after a diff'rent manner curl'd.
Various their Voices ſound; but Hearts, we ſee,
And the whole Jargon, does in One agree,
When *Father of thy Country* All ſtyle thee.

Ep. 4. *To* Cæſar, *upon his baniſhing Informers.*

The hateful Crew to Peace and ſweet Repoſe,
Informers, anxious Wealth's moleſting Foes,
(The Lions not ſufficing to deſtroy
The Num'rous Caitives, that did all annoy)
To th'Iſles, and furtheſt *Affrica* are ſent,
And thoſe who caus'd, now ſuffer, Baniſhment.
Thus while from *Rome*, ſad Exiles, they do ſtray,
Even Life, 'mong *Cæſar*'s Boons, we reckon may.

Ep. 6. *To* Cæſar, *on a Woman's fighting with a Lion.*

'Tis not enough in this our Martial Age,
That Men do conquer, Women War dare wage.
Among the Nobleſt Acts *Fame* does reſound,
Alcides laid a Lion on the Ground.
Let Fables ceaſe; *Cæſar*, at thy Command,
This hath been acted by a Female Hand.

Ep. 10. *On a Lion that hurt his Keeper.*

A trait'rous Lion on his Keeper flew,
Daring in ſuch known Hands his Teeth t'embrew:
But Vengeance, worthy of his Crime, he found,
Who bore not Stripes, was forc'd to bear a Wound.
To ſuch a Prince what Manners ought Men ſhow,
Who Beaſts commands a Gratitude to know?

Ep. 12. *On a Sow that farrow'd through a Wound ſhe receiv'd.*

I'th' publick Huntings *Cæſar* did allow,
A Jav'lin ſwift transfix'd a pregnant Sow.
Straight from the wounded Dam the Litter ſprung.
Lucina, call'ſt thou this, to bring forth Young?
The dying Sow wiſh'd, that her Wounds were more,
That Iſſues had been made for all her Store.
Who denies *Bacchus* from the Womb was torn?
A God might well, when Beaſts this way were born.

He muſt ſubmit (althô he loſe his Cauſe)
To trifling Phancies, as to equal Laws:
Nay, and as if th' Objections were too few,
Himſelf, againſt Himſelf, muſt find out new
And curious, ſuch as much Pains have taught,
And great Experience only could have brought:
And anſw'ring all, he's yet not free'd from Fear:
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The VVorld has known. Nor ſhall I grieve to ſee,
On this Account, my Leaves condemn'd to be

Man-

Ep. 14. *On* Arria *and* Petus.

When *Arria* to her *Petus* gave the Sword,
With which her chaſt and faithful Breſt ſh'ad gor'd
Truſt me, ſaid ſhe, that I my ſelf have ſlain,
I do not grieve, 'tis thy Death gives me Pain.

Ep. 19. *To* Tucca.

Tucca, what ſtrange Delight is this of thine,
To mix the Nobleſt with the Vileſt Wine?
What ſo great Good, from th' Vile, didſt e're receive
Or of what Good did th' Noble thee bereave?
Our Throats to cut, may no great Matter be:
To ſlay *Falernum* is a high Degree
Of Murder, rich *Campanian* Wine t' abuſe,
I'th' Gen'rous Grape rank Poiſon to infuſe.
Thy Gueſts may poſſibly deſerve their Bane:
Such Precious Liquor, cannot, to be Slain.

Ep. 22. *To* Cæcilian.

What Brutiſhneſs is this? when Friends you treat,
They looking on, alone you Muſhroms eat.
On ſuch Gluttony what Curſe ſhall I implore?
May'ſt *Claudius's* Muſhroms eat, and ne're eat more.

Ep. 22. *On* Mucius Scevola.

When, for the King, his Scribe bold *Mucius* ſlew,
In Flames, in ſtead of Bloud, he did embrew
His erring Hand. The Foe, not ſteel'd to ſee
A Prodigy ſo fell, bad him *Go free.*
What *Mucius*, in contempt of Pain, was bold
To act, *Porſena* fainted to behold.
His Failing Hand thus Greater Glory found,
Had he not Err'd, he had been leſs Renown'd.

Ep. 26. *On* Fauſtinus.

At length, *Fauſtinus*, let the World obtain,
The poliſh'd Pieces of thy learned Brain:

Which the *Athenian* Schools would not diſpraiſe,
And our old Sages to the Stars will raiſe!
Doſt doubt, t'admit *Fame* ſtanding at thy Gate?
Thy Labours juſt Reward to bear, doſt hate?
That which will *after*, *in* thy Time let live;
Too late men Praiſe unto our Aſhes give.

Ep. 34. *On* Galla.

Galla, alone, her Father's Death ne're weeps,
When any come, in Tears her Cheeks ſhe ſteeps:
That, *Galla*, is not Grief, for Praiſe is ſhown;
She truly Grieves, that grieves when ſhe's alone.

Ep. 36. *To* Cornelius.

Cornelius, thou complain'ſt, I Verſes write
So looſe and wanton, Maſters they affright
From reading in the Schools. But theſe my Books
Without this Looſneſs, pleaſe none on them looks
More than the Marr'age-Bed, without Due Rites,
The Sob'reſt Man, or Chaſteſt Wife delights.

Thou may'ſt ſay too, A Nuptial Song endite,
But in the Nuptial Language do not write.
Who e're did *Flora* gravely dreſs before?
Or put a Matron's Stole upon a Whore?
To Epigrams much Licenſe is allow'd,
Nor pleaſe they, ſpeaking always in a Cloud.
Wherefore lay by thy Grave and Sourer Mind;
And judge my *Sportive Muſe* in her own Kind;
Geld not my Verſe; for foul is his Miſtake,
Who a *Priapus*, *Cybel*'s Prieſt, would make.

Ep. 39. *On* Fidentinus.

The Book, *Fidentine*, which thou read'ſt, is mine;
But while thou read'ſt it Ill, thou mak'ſt it thine.

Ep. 41. *To the Envious.*

Who read'ſt theſe Lines, from ranc'rous Spleen (free,
May'ſt Envy all, and none e're Envy thee.

Ep. 43. *On* Porcia.

When *Brutus* death Fame unto *Porcia* brough
And Friends withheld the Arms, her Sorrow ſoug
I thought, ſaid ſhe, my *Father, when he dy'd,
Taught ye, *That Death to none can be deny'd.*
She ſpoke; and greedily devour'd the Fire:
Go now, officious Troop, vainly conſpire
The Weapons to deny, my Grief deſire.

Ep. 54. *To* Fidentine.

I'th' whole Book th'aſt filcht from me, one Page alc
Is thine, and to be thine is ſo well known,
It all the reſt proclaims to be purloin'd.
So greaſy home-ſpun Cloth to Scarlet joyn'd,
Its Luſtre as it wrongs, and does defile,
It ſelf it alſo renders the more Vile:
So Earthen Cups, with Chryſtal, ſet in place,
The worſe they ſuit, the more themſelves diſgra

In Conſort thus ridiculous does ſhow,
Among the Milk-white Swans, a Raſcal Crow:
Thus in the Groves where Nightingales reſound,
The chatt'ring Pies th'harmonious Notes confound.
I need no Critick's Aid for my Relief,
Thy own vile Verſe rights Me, and calls Thee Thief.

Ep. 55. *To* Fuſcus.

If th'aſt room to admit a Friend yet more,
Fuſcus, on all ſides throng'd with Friends before,
I beg the place: And do not me refuſe,
Becauſe I'm new, into the Liſt to chuſe.
Thoſe that now boaſt, thy oldeſt Friends they are,
Had once a time, when they but new Ones were.
Look only thou, if he that now does ſue
To be thy Friend, may prove an Old and True.

Ep. 56. *To* Fronto.

Wouldſt thou know what my higheſt Wiſhes are,
Fronto, the Glory both of Peace and War?

They are, To plough my Own; thô little, Field;
Small Means to have, wch may much Leasure yie
Will any Wife, the Morning *Ave* pay
To frozen Marbles, e're the break of Day,
Who may unfold, before his Fire, and Warm,
Nets loaden from his small, but fruitfull, Farm?
Or with his Line may take the Fish alive?
Fetch Amber Honey from the dropping Hive?
Whose Propt-up Table by his Hinde is prest?
With his own Cates, which unbought Fewel dre
May they not love this Life, that love not me,
But Aged grow in City-drudgery.

Ep. 58. *To* Flaccus.

Wouldst know what Temper I, to love, would chus
What Maid I like, and what I would refuse?
I neither like the Facile, nor the Coy;
The Over-hard, or Easy to enjoy.
A mean, 'twixt both, rather do approve,
She that nor Racks, nor Cloys, the Sweets of Lo

Ep. 63. On Levina.

Levina chaſt as *Sabins* were of old,
Than her ſtrict Huſband yet more ſtrict and cold:
While in the Common Baths ſhe did deſcend,
And in thoſe Freedoms many hours did ſpend,
She fell in Love; in the cold Streams took Fire;
And burning with a Youth in looſe Deſire,
She left her Huſband, and her Virtuous Name,
Helen went thence, *Penelope* that came.

Ep. 64. *On* Celer.

Celer, to read my Epigrams, does crave:
But to recite his own's, the thing he'd have.

Ep 65. *To* Fabulla.

Th'art Fair and Young, *Fabulla*, it is true,
And alſo Rich, to give thee but thy Due:
But when of theſe thou doſt ſo often vaunt,
Wealth, Youth, & Beauty, none ſo much does want.

Ep. 67. To one that ſtole his Verſes.

Thou ſordid Felon of my Verſe and Fame,
So cheap doſt hope to get a Poet's Name,
As by the Purchaſe barely of my Book?
For ten vile Pence Eternal Glory rook?
Find out ſome Virgin Poem ne're ſaw day,
Which wary Writers in their Desks do lay
Lock'd up, and known unto themſelves alone;
Not one with Uſing torn, and ſordid grown.
A *Publiſh'd Work* can ne're the Author change,
Like one ne're paſs'd the Preſs, that ne're did rang
The World trimly bound up: And ſuch I'll ſell,
Give me my Price, nor will the Secret tell,
He that another's Wit and Fame will own,
Muſt Silence buy, and not a Book that's known.

Ep. 68. To Chœrilus.

Thou blam'ſt me often, that I write too free;
I ſeem to do ſo, when I write of *Thee.*

Ep. 69. *On* Rufus.

All *Rufus* Thoughts and Actions *Nevia* fill,
His Grief, Joy, Silence, all ſpeak *Nevia* ſtill;
Where e're he feaſts, drinks, *Nevia*'s in's Speech alone,
He wants all Pow'rs, if *Nevia* makes not one.
Meaning to wiſh his Father *the Good Day*,
Nevia my Light, *Ave*, his Tongue did ſay!
When *Nevia* this did read, ſhe cloſely ſmil'd,
Nevia's not thine alone; why doſt thou rave, be-
(guil'd?

Ep. 77. *To* Flaccus.

Tho 'mong the Nobleſt Poets thou haſt place,
Flaccus, the Offspring of *Antenor*'s Race;
Renounce the *Muſes* Songs, and charming Quire,
Not one of them Enrich thoſe they inſpire.
Court not *Apollo*, *Pallas* has the Gold,
She's wiſe, and does the Gods in morgage hold.
What Profit is there in an Ivy Wreath?
Its *Fruits the loaden* Olive ſinks beneath!

In *Helicon* there's nought but Springs and Bays,
The *Muses* Harps, loud-sounding empty Praise.
What with *Pernassus's* Streams hast thou to do?
The *Roman Forum's* rich, and nearer too;
There the Cash chinks: But 'bout the Poet's Chaw
The Smacks of Kisses only fill the Air.

Ep. 79. *On* Festus.

When a foul Gangren seiz'd on *Festus* Face,
And the black Venom spread o're all the place;
With unwet Eyes, his weeping Friends he told,
Th' Infernal Shades he purpos'd to behold.
But then his Pious Throat he did not stain
With Poison, nor chuse Famin's sing'ring pain;
But by a *Roman* Death he did Decree,
(The noblest way) to set his Spirit free.
Far more Renoun'd was his, than *Cato's* End;
Cato was *Cesar's* Foe, but he his Friend.

Ep. 85. *On* Quirinus, *a Roman Knight.*

Quirinus likes by no means to be wed,
Yet Fruit desires, and has, o'th' Marr'age Bed.
How can this be? His Maids can solve the Doubt,
By whom he has of Young Slave-Knights a rout
To stock his Farm and Fields. Truly may he
Be styl'd, The Father of his Family.

Ep. 87. *On* Novius.

Novius so very near my Neighbour is,
That from my Window my Hand reaches his.
Who does not envy me, that in my pow'r
Have thus a Friend t'enjoy at ev'ry hour?
But *Rufus* is not more remote to me,
Who now in *Egypt* does command, than he.
We never meet: Nor in the Town there are,
However near, yet any Two so far.
'Tis requisite, that either he, or I,
Further remove, but so to bring us nigh.

For he that wiſhes *Novius* ne're to ſee,
Let him his Neighbour, or his Inmate, be.

Ep. 88. *To* Fecennia.

Leſt thy o're-nights Debauch thy Breath diſcloſe,
Thou ſeek'ſt, *Fecennia*, on us to impoſe
By eating rich Paſteels, and Amber Plums,
Theſe fur thy Teeth: But when the foul Belch comes
From thy crude Maw, they help thee in no wiſe,
But the Stink's ſtronger made by this Diſguiſe,
Doubl'd, and trebl'd, and does further go.
When thus, thy Tricks diſcover'd, all do know,
Henceforth, to free us from this Compound Stink,
Be Sober, or elſe more avow'dly Drink.

Ep. 90. *To* Cinna.

Cinna, th'art ever whiſp'ring in the Ear,
And whiſp'ring that wch. all the World may hear.
Thou laugh'ſt i'th' Ear, weep'ſt, quarrell'ſt, doſt diſpute,
Thou ſigh'ſt in the Ear, doſt hollow, and art mute:

So far th'art gone in this Diſeaſe, I ſwear,
Thou praiſeſt *Ceſar* often in the Ear.

Ep. 100. *To one that grew Sordid upon obtaining great Riches.*

When yet thou wert not worth an Hundred Pound,
So Gen'rous, ſo Noble, thou wert found,
So Sumptuous, that it was the VViſh of all,
Calenus, an Eſtate might thee befal,
Suiting thy Mind. The Gods our Pray'rs did hear,
And leſs than in the Compaſs of a Year,
Vaſt Wealth, by four dead Friends, was to thee left:
But thou (as if of thouſands now bereft,
And not enrich'd) ſo ſordid ſtraight didſt grow,
That in a Solemn Feaſt thou didſt beſtow
(Which Annual was, and ſeven old Friends did treat)
A pound of Leaden Coyn, for all thy Meat.
VVhat does this Baſeneſs bid us next to pray?
The Gods would ſnatch their Ill-plac't Wealth away?

No: But to give thee many Thouſands more.
That ſtarve thou may'ſt out-right in ſo much Store.

Ep. 104. *On the like.*

Thou ſaidſt, when yet thou hadſt not a Knight's-Fee,
If Heav'n would grant four thouſand Pounds to me,
Oh, in what Eaſe, what Splendor, I would live!
The eaſie Gods ſmil'd, and the Sum did give.
But then thy Gown was ſordid, Cloke thread-bare,
Shoos, thrice & four-times clouted, thou didſt wear;
Of poor ten Olives, ſeven were ſtill ſet up;
On the ſame Meat thou uſed'ſt twice to Sup;
Lees of Wine ſerv'd thee, which *Vientus* bore;
A peny-worth of Pulſe, a Peny Whore.
Cheat, we'l ſue thee: Live better, or refund
Unto the Gods, th'aſt mock'd, four thouſand Pound.

Ep. 108. *To* Lucius Julius.

Oft, Noble *Lucius*, thou doſt this repeat,
Th'art Idle, Martial, *ſomething write that's Great.*

Then give me Eaſe, ſuch as *Mecenas* gave,
When the like Work from *Virgil* he would have;
I'l frame a Verſe with ſuch Immortal Flame,
As to all Ages ſhall preſerve my Name.
The Yoke does pinch, that's borne in Barren Soyl,
The Rich Ground tires, but Sweeter is the Toyl.

110. *On Iſſa, a little Bitch.*

Iſſa's Toyings wittier are,
Than thoſe of *Lesbia*'s Sparrow were.
Iſſa's Careſſes, and her Love,
Are purer than the Billing Doves.
Than Virgins ſhe's more ſoft and Nice,
Than richeſt Gems of higher Price.
Bitch *Iſſa* is to *Publius* dear,
Bitch *Iſſa* has no where her Peer.
Her Whining you would Speaking deem,
She, her Lords Cares to know, does ſeem,
Thô in his Neck, cloſe to his Ear
She ſleeps, no Breathing he can hear.

Wher

When ſhe has need her ſelf to Eaſe,
Her Lord ſhe courts, that he would pleaſe
To ſet her down; and gently ſcrapes;
Be ſure, no Drop from her eſcapes.
To *Venus* ſhe was ne're inclin'd,
And hard a Husband 'twere to find
So ſoft a Bride. Leſt Death's ſad Day
Should wholly raviſh her away,
Publius caus'd her drawn to be,
And *Iſſa* you ſo like may ſee,
(Do but the Piece with Her compare)
Iſſa her ſelf you'ld think were there:
So rare is Arts and Natures Strife,
Both Pictures ſeem, and both ſeem Life.

LIB. II.

Ep. 3. *To* Sextus.

SExtus ſays, nought he owes, and ſo I ſay.
He only Owes, who knows which way to Pay.

Ep. 5. *To* Decianus.

Decianus, may I never happy be,
If Night and Day I could not ſpend with thee:
But two long Miles unto thy Houſe do lead,
Which are made four, when them I backward tread:
Oft thou art not at Home, and oft deny'd;
To thy ſelf vacant, or to Buſineſs ty'd.
To ſee thee's not much to walk Two Miles o're,
But not to ſee thee's Grievous to walk Four.

Ep. 8. *To the Reader.*

If in my Leaves ought, *Reader*, to thee ſeem
Obſcure, or which leſs *Latin* thou doſt deem,
To th' Printer theſe impute, not me: Who while
More Books he haſts to vend, cares not how vile.
If yet thou think'ſt not him, but me to blame,
Thou fear'ſt not want of Candor to proclaim.
But ſtill my Verſe, for nought, thou doſt decry,
As if what's manifeſt I would deny.
Nought be they then: But them for good Ones take,
Till thou doſt ſhew, that thou canſt better make.

Ep. 10. *On* Poſthumus.

That but with half a Lip thou me doſt kiſs,
I like; and can ſpare thee yet half of this:
Would'ſt thou unexpreſſible Kindneſs ſhow?
Thy whole-half-Kiſs keep, or elſewhere beſtow.

Ep. 11. *To* Selius.

That ſuch a Cloud you ſee in *Selius* Face,
His treading late alone a mournful Pace;
His penſive Looks concealing Grief profound,
That bows him, till his Noſe even rakes the ground;
Makes him oft beat his Breaſt, and his Locks tear:
No Death of Friends has caus'd this ſad Deſpair,
His Wife's in health, his Sons are both alive,
And longer, than he would, like to ſurvive;
By Bayliff, Tenant, he has had no loſs,
Nor any way, that's known, receiv'd a Croſs.
Why Droops he then, and makes ſo ſad a Moan?
Alas! he, uninvited, Sups at Home.

Ep. 12. *On* Poſthumus.

Why does thy Breath always of Amber ſmell?
And without Foreign Scents th'art never well.
It juſtly, *Poſthumus*, may be preſum'd,
He ever Stinks, who ever is Perfum'd.

Ep. 13. *On* Sextus.

While *Sextus* did refuſe his Debts to pay,
Both Judge and Advocate bore Bribes away.
Now to diſcharge all Scores, he makes no ſtay.

Ep. 14. *On* Selius.

Nothing does *Selius* unattempted leave,
When, he's to Sup at home, he does conceive.
He trots to th' Race; where, *Paulus*, he will ſwear,
Thy Feet are ſwifter than *Achilles* were.
Nothing here got, the Place of Votes he tryes,
If ought will come from the *Æſonides*.
Where failing too; to th' *Memphian** Temple next,
Near the *Sad Heifer*, the Calves-head ſits perplext.
Thence runs to th' Porch a hundred Props ſuſtain,
To *Pompey*'s Arch and Groves: Nor does diſdain
The Vulgar Baths, which *Gryllus*, *Lupus*, keep,
One on the Hill, the other low and deep:

* *This was alſo a place of great* Reſort in Rome.

Where having bath'd in all, and all in vain,
No pity'ng God fav'ring his Glutt'nous Pain,
Back to the Race he flyes, to ſee, if there
Some Friend be yet, taking the Evening Air.
Th' adjoyning Porch of various Paintings full,
Shews fair *Europa* borne upon a Bull.
Jove, I adjure thee, by the Virgin bright,
Make forlorn *Celius* thy * own Gueſt this Night.

* *That is, Kill him, to Sup with the Gods, Was a Phraſe among the Heathen, to be Dead.*

Ep. 15. *On one that had a Sore Mouth.*

That when th'aſt drunk, thou offer'ſt none thy Glaſs,
Ought not for Pride, but for good Breeding paſs.

Ep. 16. *On* Zoilus.

Zoilus is ſick; his Rich Stuff makes him ſo;
If he were well, what ſhould his Scarlets do?
His Bed from *Nile*, his Hangings dy'd at *Tyre*?
He's *ſick*, *we may his* Sottiſh Wealth admire.

Diſmiſs the Doctors, the *Machaons* all,
To make him well, for my Rug only call.

Ep. 20. *To* Paullus.

Poems thou buy'ſt, and read'ſt them for thine own
What's bought, is thine, can be deny'd by none.

Ep. 21. *On* Poſthumus.

Some thou doſt kiſs, to ſome extend thy Hand.
Which Grace ſeek I? The laſt I do demand.

Ep. 22. *On the ſame.*

O *Phœbus*, and the Charming Siſters nine!
I will no longer drive with you a Trade,
Or hold in Price the merry Muſe of Nine,
Who me her Poet lately has betray'd.
Poſthume with one Kiſs us'd to let me go,
Pleas'd with my Verſe, now many doth beſtow.

Ep. 23. *On the ſame.*

No; thô thou begg'ſt a thouſand times to know,
Who 'tis by Name of *Poſthumus* does go,
I will not tell. What need I to offend
Such Kiſſes, and their Fury 'gainſt me bend?

Ep. 24. *To* Candidus.

By unjuſt Verdict wert thou Guilty found,
To thy Misfortune I'd be ſtrictly bound;
Wer't thou condemn'd thy Native Soyl to leave,
Thrô Seas, thrô Rocks, I'd to the Baniſh'd cleave,
But thy Lots, Wealth: Here ſhall I alſo ſhare?
Wilt thou give half? 'Tis much, if ought thou ſpare,
In Suff'ring, I may be admitted One,
But Happy, *Candidus*, thou'lt be Alone.

Ep. 25. *On* Galla.

Galla to none makes good, to all ſays, I.
If thou ſpeak'ſt always Falſe, to me deny.

Ep. 26. *To* Bithynicus.

That *Nevia* coughs, and groans, and finds no Reſt,
Letting the Slaver fall upon her Breaſt;
Thou hop'ſt, *Bithynicus*, her Hour is nigh:
Nevia flatters, ſhe does not mean to Dye.

Ep. 30. *On* Caius.

To borrow of a Friend, I did entreat,
A Sum, which had he Given, had not been Great.
'Twas one, whoſe Cheſts, brim-ful of Unbag'd Caſh,
Being apt to, do Eccho with the Laſh.
But he reply'd, Would'ſt Plead, enough thou'dſt have.
Spare Counſel, *Caius*, give me what I crave.

Ep. 31. *On* Ponticus.

Balbus ſues me; 'gainſt him thou nought dar'ſt do.
Licinius next; but he's a Great Man too.
Patrobas oft treſpaſſes on my Field:
He's Cæſar's Freeman, 'tis beſt here to yield.

La-

Laronia my Servant does deny:
She's rich, old, childleſs, ev'ry hour may dye.
His Patronage, it little boots, to crave,
Who to ſo many is himſelf a Slave.

Ep. 37. *On* Cecilianus.

What e're was ſerv'd of Souce, thou didſt purloin,
A young Sow's Unctuous Paps, a Porker's Chine,
A fat Heath-poult, for two deſign'd a Diſh,
A whole Mullet, and half another Fiſh,
Tame Pigeons dropping fat, a Hen with Egg,
A piece of Lampry, and a Capon's Leg.
All which, ſto'd in a Clout, committed were
Unto thy Boy, that Home he them ſhould bear.
We, in the mean time, the Idle Gueſts do ſit,
And of a coſtly Feaſt ſcarce taſte a Bit.
If any Shame thou haſt, reſtore our Meat:
To Morrow I deſign'd not thee to Treat.

Ep. 38. *To* Linus.

What my Farm yields me, doſt thou urge to know
This, that I ſee not thee, when there I go.

Ep. 41. *On a Young Maid.*

Laugh, lovely Maid, laugh oft, if thou art wiſe.
As I remember, *Ovid* does adviſe:
But this to ev'ry Maid he never ſaid,
Of if he did, 'twas always to a Maid;
'Twas never ſpoke to wretched-aged-Thee,
To whom remains, of all thy Teeth, but three,
And thoſe cole-black: Therefore if this do paſs
For truth, inform'd the ſame by thine own Glaſs,
A Smile thou ought'ſt t'avoid with no leſs dread,
Than Gallants fear the Wind for their curl'd Hea
Than painted Madams fear a daſhing Showre,
Or, when Pomato'd, the Sun's raging pow'r.
Rather old *Hecuba's* ſad Mood put on,
When *Troy* was burnt, and all her Glory gon.

Mimick

Mimicks, and Droles, a Laughter-moving Jeſt,
What ever makes thee Gern or Gape, deteſt.
Mourn by your Mother's ſide, your equal Croſs,
Your Father's and your pious Brother's Loſs;
Your Hours, in what is ſad and ſerious, ſpend,
An Ear to Tragick Stories only lend.
The Counſel's good, if to it you can keep.
Weep, if you are wiſe, old Mumps, often weep.

Ep. 44. *On* Sextus.

Having ſome ſmall Commodity to buy,
Straight (*Sextus* the Uſurer ſtanding nigh,
My old Com'rade, you know him) left I pray
To borrow, for Prevention thus does ſay,
Softly Computing with himſelf, but ſo
As I may hear him. *I to* Secundus *owe*
Seven thouſand, to Phœbus *four, eleven more*
To Philetus; *and, Wretch, have not in Store*
One Doit, ſhould now theſe Men for Money ſend:
O wond'rous Fetch of an old Canker'd Friend!

'Tis hard, when one is ask'd, not to ſupply:
But harder far, when Not ask'd, to deny.

Ep. 50. *On* Lesbia.

Lesbia talks Baudy, and does Water drink,
Thou does well, *Lesbia*, ſo to waſh the Sink.

Ep. 53. *To* Maximus.

Thou but feign'ſt, *Maximus*, thou'dſt not be Free:
Or if thou wouldſt, by theſe means thou may'ſt be.
Thou ſhalt be Free; if thou at Home can'ſt Dine;
If thou canſt quench thy Thirſt with common Wine;
If Rich Men thou can'ſt Miſerable deem,
And ſuch a thread-bare Coat, as mine, eſteem;
If in a cheap and vulgar Form delight,
A Room, in which thou ſcarce can'ſt ſtand upright.
If thy Deſires, to this Lure, thou can'ſt bring,
Thou may'ſt live Freer than the *Parthian* King.

Ep. 55. *To* Sextus.

Sextus, thou ſeek'ſt Obſervance, when I'd love;
I ſhall do that which thou doſt moſt approve:
But where I muſt Obſerve, I cannot Love.

Ep. 56. *To* Gallus.

Gallus, thy Wife is taxed for the Vice
(Among the *Libians*) of foul Avarice:
But ſhe is wrong'd, and all are Lyes they tell,
None cheaper does her ſelf both give and ſell.

Ep. 60. *On* Hyllus.

Y'are o're-familiar with a Soldier's Wife,
While a Boy's Mulct you fear, and not your Life.
Woe to thee! But, you ſay, upon what ſcore?
The Law forbids to caſtrate any more.
Allows it then to make a Wife thy Whore?

Ep. 64. *On* Taurus.

While now to Law, to Rhet'rick then thou'lt take,
And know'ſt not what Profeſſion thine to make,
Thou *Peleus*, *Priams*, *Neſtors*, Years doſt loſe,
And when thou ſhouldſt Give off, art ſtill to Chooſe.
Begin; if either Heart thou haſt, or Skill;
Three Rhetors Chairs are void, one thou may'ſt fill:
Or if the Schools diſlike, the Pleading-Bars
Reek with the Fervor of Litigious Wars;
So much, that *Marſya*'s Statue that is nigh,
May Vocal plead, through th' Obſtrep'rous Cry.
Courage, break-off Delays, when ſhall we ſee?
Thou wilt Demur, till Nothing thou canſt be.

Ep. 65. *To* Saleitanus.

Thou ſeem'ſt, *Saleitane*, much to hang the Head.
Have I not Cauſe? Thou ſay'ſt, my Wife is dead.
O heavy Chance! O ſad Decree of Fate!
She, ſhe? The rich *Nicoſtrata* ſo late

De-

ceas'd, who twenty thouſand brought in Dowre?
iſh th'adſt never known this Evil Hour.

Ep. 68. *To* Olus.

That I ſalute thee by thy Name, no more
le thee my Lord and King, as heretofore,
s not Pride. My Chains and Cap I have
deem'd, with all the Badges of a Slave.
Lord and Maſter he ſhould have alone,
no, not being Maſter of himſelf, does groan,
te great Men, after Riches not his own.
no can, without a Servant, *Olus*, be,
y alſo from a King, *Olus*, be free.

Ep. 69. *On a Smell-feaſt.*

Unwillingly thou Supp'ſt abroad. I'l dye,
what thou ſay'ſt be not a Splendid Lye.
others Treats *Apicius* did delight,
d, with Regret, at home did paſs the Night.

If thou unwilling art, why doſt thou go?
Th'art forc't, thou ſayſt. All Smell-feaſts are forc't ſo.
Melior invites thee to a Sumptuous Feaſt:
Where are thy Braggs? Deny: Now is the Text.

Ep. 77. *To* Coſconius.

Thou think'ſt my Epigrams in length exceed.
To greaſe the Charret-Wheels, to make them ſpeed,
Th'art only fit: Who Poems Lengths doſt rate
By the Foot-Rule, not Reaſon, Wit, and Weight.
By the ſame Law, *Coloſſus* thou may'ſt call
Too long, the Figure of a Child too ſmall.
Learn that thou know'ſt not. Fam'd *Marſus*, *Pedo*,
Two Pages, on one Subject, would beſtow.
That is not long, from wch thou nought can'ſt take,
But, *Coſcon*, thou can'ſt long a Diſtick make.

Ep. 80. *On* Fannius.

When *Fannius* from his Foe did fly,
Himſelf, with his own Hands, he ſlew.
Who e're a greater Madneſs knew?
Life to deſtroy, for fear to Dye.

Ep. 86. *To* Claſſicus.

That I Acroſtick's glory not to write,
n Verſes, backwards read, take no delight;
Make not the Eccho in my Verſes play,
After the *Grecian* Poetaſtring way:
Nor yet ſoft melting Numbers ſo reſpect,
As more the Chime, than ev'n the Senſe t'affect;
o bad a Poet, as theſe Ways to take,
am not, *Claſſicus*. What Hire would make
Lada, for Swiftneſs fam'd, ſo meanly ſtoop,
To leave the Race, and tumble through a Hoop?
Diſgaceful 'tis unto a Poet's Name,
Difficult Toys to make his higheſt Aim;
The Labour's fooliſh, that does rack the Brains,
For Things have nothing in them, but much Pains;
Let *Gallus* chant, while the Rout make a Ring:
To choiceſt Ears I only joy to ſing.

Ep. 88. *On* Mamercus.

Thou would'ſt a Poet be, yet nought doſt write,
Be what thou wilt, ſo nought thou doſt endite.

Ep. 90. *To* Quintilianus.

Of Giddy Youth thou Guide of high Renown,
Quintilian, Glory of the *Roman* Gown,
That I do haſte, thô Poor, thy Licence give
T' enjoy my Life; *None haſte enough to live.*
Who aim t'encreaſe their Father's Wealth, to throng
Their Courts with Statues, this defer too long.
I only to theſe eaſie Things aſpire,
A Spring with Nat'ral Turf, a ſhining Fire,
Servants well fed, a plain unlearned Wife,
Nights paſs'd away in Sleep, Days without Strife.

LIB. III.

Ep. 4. *To his Book.*

BOOK, haſt to *Rome*. Whence com'ſt thou? If men ſay:
Reply, From the Track of the *Emilian* Way.
If they demand the City where I dwell:
Imola, or *Forum Cornelii* tell.
If for what Cauſe I'm Abſent, they enquire:
The Follies of the City me did tire.
If when I do return: A Poet, ſay,
I went, when on a Fiddle I can play.

Ep. 8. *On* Quintus.

Quintus loves *Thais*. Which? *Thais* the blind.
As ſhe wants one Eye, he wants both, I find.

Ep. 9. *On* Cinna.

Cinna, 'tis ſaid, does Verſes write 'gainſt me.
He does not write, whoſe Verſe none cares to ſee.

Ep. 11. *On* Quintus.

If ſhe thou lov'ſt, nor blind, nor *Thais* be,
What makes thee think laſt *Diſtich* writ on thee?
If *Lais* 'twere, and her I'd *Thais* nam'd,
For ſuch Reſemblance I might well be blam'd:
But what Similitude do theſe two bear?
How do *Hermione* and *Thais* pair?
But thou art *Quintus*, and that Name I chuſe.
Be't ſo: I always feigned Names do uſe.
I'l change the Lover's Name, if that pleaſe more.
Sextus, not *Quintus*, loves *Thais* the Whore.

Ep. 12. *On* Fabullus.

Thy Perfumes, I confeſs, were laſt night rare:
But nought to feaſt thy Gueſts thou didſt prepare.

Or

If Wit or Folly call'ſt thou this a Caſt?
Odors to give thy Friends, and make them faſt?
Who are anointed only, and not fed,
Not treated like the Living are, but Dead.

Ep. 13. *On* Nevia.

While Boar to carve, and Mullets thou doſt ſpare,
Will'ſt ſooner cut thy Father up, than Hare:
But, as if all were *crude*, thy Cook doſt beat,
No *Crudities* they'll find, whom thou doſt treat.

Ep. 15. *On* Codrus.

None trufts ſo much as *Codrus*, I do find
I'th' Town. How ſo? He's Poor. He loves, tho blind.

Ep. 16. *On a Cobler.*

An haughty enrich'd Cobler durſt beſtow
A moſt profuſe and princely Fencers-ſhow;
What in his Life he earned by the Awl,
At Sword and Buckler-Fight he waſted all.

Sure

Sure thou wert drunk; thou couldſt not, Cobler, play,
In any Sober Mood, thy Hide away.
Enough of Shows; now to thy Skins abide:
Fear what befel the Aſs i'th' Lion's Hide.

Ep. 17. *On* Sabidius.

At ſecond Courſe, where lately I did dine,
Hot Tarts were ſerv'd, ſo hot, no Hand but thine,
**Mutius*, could touch: *Sabidius* yet, than they, *Scævola.
More hot in Appetite, brooking no ſtay,
Blew often on them with his pois'nous Breath,
Blaſts of worſe Stench than Rottenneſs and Death.
After the which, no Man to touch them ſtirr'd:
He cool'd the Tarts, but turn'd them to a T——.

Ep. 19. *On a Boy ſtung to Death.*

In a ſweet Grove, where many Shapes were made
Of ſavage Beaſts, t'adorn the pleaſant Shade,
A carvéd Bear with gaping Jaws did ſtand,
Into whoſe Mouth young Hylas thruſt his Hand;

And

And, Childiſh wiſe, provok'd the Bear to bite.
A Viper, lurking in that ſecret Night,
Quicken'd the Stone with more than nat'ral Rage,
And bit the Lad, that fearleſs did engage.
O hainous Fact! That a dead Bear ſhould do,
What one alive could not be wrought unto.

Ep. 21. *On a Cruel Maſter.*

A branded Slave unto his proſcrib'd Lord,
In's higheſt Danger, Safety did afford.
While thus his Goodneſs did the Cruel ſave,
Envy with Life he him together gave.

Ep. 25. *To* Fauſtus.

If thy hot Bath, *Fauſtus*, thou ſeek'ſt to cure,
Above what a Paralytick can endure:
Let Orator *Sabinus* enter in
Nero's hot Baths, he'l make a cooling Spring.

Ep. 27. *On* Gallus.

That oft I thee, thou me doſt never call
To ſup, I could forgive, if none at all
Thou didſt invite: But, *Charle*, thou doſt afford
To other Gueſts a frequent well-ſerv'd Board.
W' are faulty both. In what, doſt bid me name?
I for the want of Wit, and thou of Shame.

Ep. 30. *To* Gargilianus.

Money no more, but Meat *the Great* beſtow,
For what thou ſtay'ſt at *Rome*, I fain would know.
How wilt thou buy a Gown? Hire a dark Cell?
Pay for thy Bath? A *Thais* keep, can'ſt tell?
Garg.] To make a little ſerve, great Care I'l give.
Mar.] Scarce, as things ſtand, tis worth the Care to Live.

Ep. 31. *To* Rufus.

Thy Land, I yield, ſeems boundleſs to the Eye,
And near the Town thy pleaſant Farms do lye,

Num'rou

Num'rous Debtors crutch to thy Lordly Cheſt,
With choiceſt Fare thy gilded Table's preſs't,
Diſdain not, *Rufus*, yet all that are poor;
When greater Rogues than thou art, yet have more.

Ep. 32. *To* Matrinia.

Doſt ask, if an Old Woman I could Wed?
An Old I could, *Matrinia*, not a Dead,
As thou art. Even *Niobe* I could take,
And Mother *Hecuba* a Miſtreſs make:
But then before they were transform'd ſo fur.
One to a Stone, the other to a Cur.

Ep. 34. *On* Chione, *or Madam* Snow.

Worthy, and unworthy, of thy Name, in part:
For Black and Cold, Snow and not Snow, thou art.

Ep. 36. *On* Fabianus.

I would not have thee pleat or curl thy Hair,
Through ſlovenly Neglect nor Elf-locks wear;

Let not thy Skin with Scurf be over-run,
Nicely to blanch and ſleek it, no leſs ſhun;
An Eunuch's Chin affect not, ſmooth and bare,
Nor ſuch a horrid Beard as Priſ'ners wear;
By a Wiſe Mean avoid the beſt you can,
To appear leſs, or yet too much, a Man.
But while thy Limbs we rough and briſly find,
Effeminate and wanton is thy Mind.

Ep. 38. *To* Sextus.

Mart.] What Cauſe, what Confidence, *Sextus*, does (invite
Thee unto *Rome?* What Hope, what Aim? Recite.
Sext.] Than *Tully*'s ſelf more pow'rfully I'l plead,
And none, like Me, ſhall the whole *Forum* lead.
Mart.] *Caius* and *Ateſtinus* (both you know)
Do plead, but pay not a poor Houſe-rent ſo.
Sext.] If nothing this way come, I'l Verſes frame,
You'l ſay, that *Virgil* did Compoſe the ſame.
Mart.] Th'art mad: That cold and tatter'd Crew
No leſs than *Ovid*'s all, and *Virgil*'s be. (you ſee,

Sext.]

(or three do ſpeed
Sext.] Great Men I'l court. *Mart.*] Scarce two
That way, the reſt are pale, and ſtarve thrô need.
Sex.]Say, what then? Counſel to a friend advance:
Men live at *Rome*. *Mart.*] The Honeſt do by chance.

Ep. 39. *On* Lycoris.

One-ey'd *Lycoris* Love's more fair than He
Kept Flocks on *Ida*. How the Blind can ſee!

Ep. 40. *On* Teleſinus.

For having lent, forſooth, an hundred Pound,
From full-cram'd Cheſts, & Wealth that does abound,
Thou think'ſt, that thou much Greatneſs haſt diſ-
play'd:
But that the Grandeur's mine, it may be ſaid:
Who being Poor, ſo great a Sum repay'd.

Ep. 42. *On* Polla.

Thou ſeek'ſt with Lard to ſmooth thy wrinkl'd Skin,
Bedaub'ſt thy ſelf, and doſt no Lover win.

Simple Decays men eaſily paſs by;
But hid, ſuſpect ſome great Deformity.

Ep. 44. To Ligurinus.

That ev'ry one, to meet thee, is afraid,
And where thou com'ſt, a Soliſude is made.
Would'ſt, *Ligurinus*, know the Reaſon why?
Too much a Poet, Men do from thee fly.
And this, I tell thee, is a dang'rous Crime,
A Scorpion is not fear'd, like ceaſeleſs Rhime;
An Adder, in the ſcorching Sun, freſh ſprung,
A Tiger newly robbed of her Young.
For, prithee, who ſuch Ted'ouſneſs can bear?
Thou read'ſt to thoſe that Sit, that Standing are;
To them that Run, to them that are at Stool;
To thoſe are in the Bath, at the Fiſh-pool,
That here they cannot ſwim, nor waſh them there;
For thee reciting Verſes in their Ear.
They haſte to Sup, the Goers thou doſt ſtay;
Who'd Sup with thee, thou readeſt them away;

Weary, and Sick, they lay them down to Sleep,
Thy Verses rouse them, and do waking keep.
Wouldst know what Mischief this to thee has bred?
Thee, a good Man, Learned, Just, all do Dread.

Ep. 45. To the same.

Whether the Sun *Thyestes* Table fled,
I know not; but all Men thy Table dread:
And yet 'tis Sumpt'ous, Serv'd with Oostly Fare,
But what can Relish, thou Reciting there?
Hadst thou no Rhombus, were thy Mullets less,
Bate Oysters, Mushrooms, do but hold thy peace.

Ep. 46. To Candidus.

Thou dost exact, that always I attend:
Thô I go not, my Freeman I do send.
Thou say'st, That's not the same. But I think, more?
When I scarce follow'd, he thy Litter bore.
Th'art throng'd: His boist'rous Bulk o'returneth all,
My Strength's ingenuous, but my Force but small.

Cauſes thou plead'ſt: I ſilently ſtand by,
He roars redoubl'd *Euge's* to the Sky.
Thou quarrell'ſt: Shame forbids loud Speech to me,
But he'l not ſtick to *Spend his Mouth* for thee.
Cand.] There's nought a Friend then ſhould be called (to.
Mart.] Yes, what a Slave, *Candidus*, cannot do.

Ep. 52. *To* Tongelinus.

Thy Houſe was lately, *Tongeline*, burnt down,
A Chance too frequent in a Pop'lous Town.
Thrice o're thy Loſs has been repair'd by Friends:
Did'ſt thou not fire thy Houſe, to get Amends?

Ep. 55. *Of* Gellia.

That Shops of Perfumes ſeem with thee to go,
And richeſt Odors thou doſt round thee throw:
Think not this much, 'tis not thy Nat'ral Smell,
A Dog, like thee, Embalm'd, would ſcent as well.

Ep.

Ep. 58. *To* Baſſus, *on* Fauſtinus *Farm.*

Fauſtinus Farm, O *Baſſus!* is not fraught
With idle Myrtles, into Order brought;
There no trim'd Box, or barren Plane Tree's found,
To fill a vaſt unprofitable Ground;
But happy 'tis in rude and fertile Fields,
Which *Ceres* Gifts in ev'ry Corner yields;
There Veſſels fragrant ſmell with Autumn Fruit;
And when *November*'s paſt, and Time does ſuit,
The rough hew'd Hinds late Grapes does homeward bring,
While Vallies round with lowing Kine do ring,
And Luſt, the yet unhorned Herd, does ſting.

The ſtraggling Cohorts of the ſordid Pens
I'th' Yards are ſeen, Cocks treading *Rhodian* Hens;
Speckl'd Partridges, Peacocks gay and fair,
Who in their Trains do ſeeming Jewels bear;
Pheſants, which firſt from impious *Colchos* came,
The Birds which to Red Feathers owe their Name;

Marbl'd Turkies, Geese cackling loud and shrill,
All with their Noise and grateful Numbers fill;
While the Doves greeting from the Tow'rs you hear,
Sleek Culvers mourning here, soft Turtles there.

The greedy Swine pursue the Housewife's Pale;
And full-bagg'd Ews, th'expecting Lambs ne're fail.

Children surround the large Fire shining bright,
Which on the *Lares* casts a chearful Light.
None here to Labour, backward are, and loth,
None pallid and unhealthy seen through Sloth:
But Gins for Birds, and lines for Fish prepare,
Pitch Toyls to catch the light-foot Deer, or Hare.
The Orchards plain the merry Maids employ;
Even Boys of the best Rank their Tasks enjoy,
Obey the Bayliff, not constrain'd by fear,
But they delight some Rural-Work to share.

The Rustick there brings not a vain Salute,
But Gifts his *Ave* speak, while he is mute:
Presents Ambrosian Honey from the Bees,
A Dormouse from the Woods, or a Cream-Cheese;

Ta'ne from the Shaggy Goats a bleating Kid,
Or elſe a Capon, *Venus* Sports forbid.
The homely Country Maids in Baskets bear
Their Mothers Gifts, ſomthing that's Choice & rare.

And when the Day is paſt, and his Work done,
The welcom Neighbour, a glad Gueſt, does come,
To the frank Board; from which no Meat's ſet by,
The next day's Scant Proviſion to ſupply.
Servants, well-fed themſelves, from Envy free,
Grudge not, when they the Gueſts full-gorged ſee.

But, *Baſſus*, thy trim *Villa* joyns the Town,
And for its Paint and Spruceneſs ſeeks Renown:
No Country uſeful Sordures thee annoy,
But neat and ſplendid Want thou doſt enjoy:
From ſtately Rooms fair Laurels ſtrike thy Eye,
Which fear not Thieves, were no *Priapus* by.
And when to ſee thy Farm, thou Time can'ſt find,
With City Meal thou feed'ſt thy Country Hind:
And Herbs, Eggs, Apples, Cheeſe, from *Rome* doſt bear;
All which thou ought'ſt, in reaſon, to find there.

Call

Call not this Toy thy *Country Houſe* for ſhame,
The *Diſtant* or *Remote Houſe* be its Name.

Ep. 61. *On* Cinna.

What e're thou begg'ſt, *'Tis Nothing*, thou doſt cry;
If it be *Nothing*, *Nothing* I deny.

Ep. 63. *On* Cotilus.

Men, *Cotilus*, a Gallant do proclaim:
But ſay, Who's he deſerves a Gallant's Name?
A Gallant's one can order well his Hair,
And ſcatter round him a Perfumed Air,
Warble ſoft Tunes of *Italy* and *France*,
With various Graces move him in the Dance;
Of Ladies Chat ſit Umpier all the day,
And ſtill have ſomthing in their Ear to ſay;
Love-Letters read to one, to others, write;
Whom nought, like ruffling of his Clothes, affright;
Runs to all Feaſts, can, who loves whom, arread;
Tell Pedigrees of Horſes, and their Breed.

Is this, is this, a Gallant then to be?
A Gallant's then a *Trifling Thing*, I ſee.

Ep. 64. *On* Canius.

The Seamen's merry Ruin, killing Joy;
The *Syrens*, who with Melody deſtroy,
That ſly *Uhyſſes* had the Pow'r to leave,
When all beſides, with Charms, they did deceive,
I wonder not: But this I ſhould admire,
From *Canius* fett'ring Tongue could he retire.

Ep. 66. *On* Mark Anthony.

Photin and *Anthony* like Crimes do ſtain,
Pompey by one, by th'other *Tully* ſlain.
Tully, *Rome*'s Tongue, deſerv'dly might be ſaid;
Pompey, as juſtly, her Triumphant Head.
Yet, *Anthony*, o'th' Two, thy Guilt was more,
Photin ſinn'd on's Lords, thou on thine own Score.

Ep. 68. To his modeſt Matron Reader.

To thee, *Grave Matron*, hitherto my Book
I write. Tow'rds whom, doſt aſk, the reſt doth look?
My Self, the Race, the Baths; retire thou then,
We ſtrip, forbear to look on Naked Men.
Well-ſoak'd, *Terpſichore* weighs not what ſhe ſays;
Niceneſs, 'mong Cups and Roſes, down ſhe lays;
And thô, without Diſguiſe, ſhe plainly names,
In broadeſt Terms, what yearly *Roman* Dames
To *Venus* offer, cares not who her blames;
'Tis that, I mean, our Hinds in Gardens place,
And Maids peep at, with Hands before their Face;
If now I know thee, thô my Book before
Tyr'd thee, eager thou'lt be to read it o're;

Ep. 69. To Coſconius.

That all thy Epigrams thou doſt endite
In cleaneſt Terms, not one broad Word doſt write,

I praiſe, admire; how Chaſt alone thou art!
Such Crimes my Pages ſhew in ev'ry part,
The which, the waggiſh Youth and Maids approve,
The Older too, who feel the Sting of Love.
But yet, I muſt confeſs, thy Holy Verſe
Deſerves much more with Children to Converſe.

LIB. IV.

Ep. 5. *To* Fabianus.

Mar. POor, and Upright, whoſe Tongue & Heart (agree,
What doſt propoſe, in coming *Rome* to ſee?
Canſt act the Baud, or Boon-Companions Part?
Know'ſt thou the Criers or Informers Art?
Canſt thou debauch the Wife of thy beſt Friend?
Thy ſtrength on Luſtful Aged Women ſpend?
Canſt ſell Court Air? Flatter the Upſtart Great?
Canus and *Glaphyrus* i'th' right-way treat? (*Pl go.*
How, Wretch, wilt live? *Fab.*] *By Faith's true Square*
Mar.] Thou dream'ſt, thou'lt ne're be* *Philomelus* ſo.

* *Rich as a Fidler of that Name.*

Ep. 11. *On* Ant. Saturninus.

While thou wert proud to bear *Antonio*'s name,
And that of *Saturninus* didſt diſclaim;
Thou Arms in *Germany* 'gainſt *Cæſar* bore,
As *Anthony* in *Egypt* did before.
What Fate attends that Name didſt thou not fear?
Of his Diſgrace at *Actium* never hear?
Or did the *Rhene* promiſe Succeſs to thee,
Tho *Nile* to him deny'd the Victory?
That famous *Anthony*, by *Rome*'s Sword, did fall:
Compar'd to thee, who *Cæſar* we might call.

Ep. 13. *Upon the Marriage of* Pudens *and* Claudia Peregrina.

This day my *Pudens* to fair *Claudia*'s wed,
Swell the Joys, *Hymen*, of their Nuptial Bed,
So Muſk with Amber men do fitly joyn,
So *Attick* Honey mix with *Maſſick* Wine,

So Elms, embrac'd by Vines, do beauteous ſtand;
So Reeds do Waters grace, ſo Myrtles Land!
Concord, keep all between them ever fair,
And equal Love unite the equal Pair;
Let them not find their Flame grows ever Cold,
Or think each other, when they are ſo, Old.

Ep. 18. *On a Boy kill'd by an Icicle.*

At Fountain-Gate, whoſe Stones do always drop;
Near to the Porch an hundred Columns prop;
A pond'rous Stream, by Cold, congeal'd to Glaſs,
Fell on a Lad, as he the Arch did paſs:
Soon as the Wretch the fatal Blow had felt,
The ſharpen'd Ice in the warm Wound did melt.
What can reſtrain thee, Death? Where art not found?
When Water, like a Sword, can cut and wound?

Ep. 20. *On* Gellia *and* Cerellia.

Cerellia, Young, affects to ſay, She's Old,
Old *Gellia*, 'mong the Girls, would be enroll'd,
What either does, *Colinus*, canſt digeſt?
The Young One plays the Fool, the Old the Beaſt.

Ep. 21. *On* Selius.

Selius affirms, in Heav'n no Gods there are,
And while he thrives, & they their Thunder ſpare,
His daring Tenet to the World ſeems fair.

Ep. 31. *On* Hippodamus.

That in my Book th'art nam'd, thou'dſt have it ſaid,
And think'ſt it there an Honour to be read.
May I not live, but grateful 'tis to me,
And in my Verſe, moſt gladly, thou ſhould'ſt be;
But that on thee a Name men did impoſe,
So harſh, that will with no ſoft Numbers cloſe,

Which *Phœbus*, and the whole *Pierian* Quire,
Could not in Muſick ſing, ſhould all conſpire.
Aſſume ſome Name more ſweetly then that ſound
Hippodamus the Muſes all confounds.

Ep. 49. *To* Flaccus.

Rightly of Epigrams thou doſt not deem,
Who Toys and Sport, *Flaccus*, doſt them eſteem.
He toys and trifles more, who does declare
Thyeſtes Board, and *Tereus* impious Fare;
Dedalus fitting waxen Wings to fly,
And Monſter *Polyphemus* with one Eye.
All Tragick Themes I baniſh from my Muſe,
Nor huffing Buskin-Language do I uſe.
But theſe, thou ſay'ſt, Men praiſe, admire, adore
Praiſe theſe they may, but yet they read mine more.

Ep. 59. *On a Viper inclos'd in Amber.*

As among the Poplar Bows a Viper crawls,
The liquid Gum upon him, ſtruggling, falls:

With Drops alode, while wond'ring, to be held,
He ſtraight within the Amber was congeal'd.
Think of thy Tomb, proud* Queen, think not too high.
A Worm far Nobler here Entomb'd doth lye.

* *Cleopatra.*

Ep. 71. *To* Quintus.

To give my Books to thee, thou doſt implore?
But I have none, the Bookſeller has ſtore.
Thou ſay'ſt, Will any Sound ſuch Trifles buy?
I am not yet ſo Mad. No more am I.

Ep. 72. *On* Veſtinus.

Veſtinus drawing now his lateſt Breath,
And ready to reſign his Soul to Death,
The Fatal Siſters he did humbly pray,
Of his near End to make a little ſtay,

That Dead t' Himſelf, to Others he might Live.
Way to ſuch Pious Vows the *Fates* did give.
Then parting his vaſt Wealth, he left the Light,
Seeming now full of Years to take his Flight.

Ep. 73. *Upon Deer fighting.*

See how the tim'rous Herd in Fight engage!
How fearful Deer expreſs the fierceſt Rage!
Death from themſelves they are not ſeen to fear!
Ceſar, ſet on the Dogs, to ſave the Deer.

Ep. 75. *On* Nigrina.

Thou higheſt Glory of a *Latian* Wife,
Nigrine, bleſt in thy Spouſe, bleſt in thy Life.
Him, Maſter of thy Birth-right thou didſt make,
Joying, in all thou hadſt, he ſhould partake.
Paradne periſh'd in the Fun'ral Flame,
Not cheaper did *Alceſte* purchaſe Fame.

But

But thou thy Faith, by ſurer ways, doſt prove,
And need'ſt not Death to teſtify thy Love.

Ep. 76. *On* Zoilus.

I ne're begg'd Riches from the Gods before,
Well pleas'd with what I had, and to be poor:
But, *Want*, now get thee hence, Heav'n grant me Store.
Whence comes this ſudden new Deſire of Self?
I'd fain ſee envious *Zoilus* hang himſelf.

Ep. 77. *On* Varus.

Varus did lately me to Supper call,
The Table ſumptuous was, the Supper ſmall;
Loaden it was with weight of Gold, not Meat;
Much to be Seen was ſerv'd, little to Eat;
Varus, our Mouths, not Eyes, to feaſt, w'are here;
Take hence thy Plate, or fill 't with better Cheer.

Ep. 84. On Nevolus.

In Prosp'rous State, none's so Ill-natur'd found;
In Adverse, none in Good does more abound.
When th'art safe, thou respect'st, regardest none,
The Best, as worthy of thee, will't not own:
But in Distress, to stoop thou canst endure,
T'oblige. 'Tis pity thou should'st be secure.

Ep. 89. On his Country Life.

When to my Farm retir'd, how I do live,
If any ask, this short Account I give.
The Gods, at the first Light, I do adore,
And place this Care, all other Cares before.
My Grounds I visit then, and Servants call,
And their just Tasks I do impose on all.
I Study next, rouse my Poetick Vein,
My Body then anoint, and gently strain
With some meet Exercise; exult in Mind
At ev'ry Turn, my self both free to find

From

Crimes and Debts. Laft, I bath, Tup, laugh,
ng, reft, and, on all that paſſes, think. (drink,
le Lamp, the while, ſends forth a Ray,
:h to my Nightly Studies makes a Day.

LIB. V.

Ep. 8. *On* Phaſis.

WHile *Phaſis* in the Theatre of late,
Phaſis in Purple ſhining, did dilate
On th'Emp'rors Edict, which each Order grac'd,
And 'cording to their Dignity them plac'd:
Theſe ſwelling Words, big with Conceit, he ſpake.
At length we Nobles here our Eaſe may take,
Regard's had of us, and our Seat's ſet out,
W' are neither preſs'd, nor dirty'd, by the Rout.
While, lolling, thus he did the Rout deſpiſe,
The *Lictor* bid his Saucy Purple riſe.

Ep. 9. *On* Symmachus.

I droop'd; ſtraight *Symmachus* to me does hie,
An hundred Quacks bearing him company;
An hundred frozen Hands my Pulſe did crave,
Before I had no Ague, now I have.

Ep. 11. *On* Stella.

My *Stella* does upon his Fingers wear,
Em'ralds, Diamonds, Saphirs, Rubies fair;
Many bright Gemms upon his Hands we ſee,
More and more Radiant in his Verſes be:
The brillant Fancies in his Lines which ſtand,
Seem to proceed from his adorned Hand.

Ep. 13. *On* Caliſtratus.

I'm poor, *Caliſtratus*, was ever ſo,
But neither yet, in *Fame* or *Title*, low:
I through the World am read, to all am ſhown,
The Praiſe, few Urns receive, my Life has known.

But thy Majeſtick Roofs, which Gold adorn,
Are by an hundred ſtately Columns born;
Thy Cheſts are cram'd brim-full of Unbagg'd Caſh,
The Lot of Slaves that underwent the Laſh;
In *Egypt* rich Poſſeſſions thou doſt hold,
And ſhear'ſt vaſt Flocks of the choice *Gallic* Fold.
This is thy State and mine: Wealth is thy ſhare,
Glory and Poverty my Portions are.
But what I am, thou ne're canſt riſe to be,
When any of the Rout may equal thee.

Ep. 14. *On* Nanneus.

Nanneus us'd in the firſt Rank to ſit,
While ſo the ſleeping Edict did permit:
But, that reviv'd, thrice routed, up he truſs'd
His Camp, and to the loweſt Seat was thruſt,
Ev'n behind *Caius*, *Lucius*, ſtraightly pent:
Where wrapping up his Head, and there content
Ilfavour'dly to ſee, but with one Eye,
The Lictor did the Wretch no ſooner ſpy,

But thence he chas'd him to the furthest Space,
Between the Cells; where taking up his Place,
Half standing, and half leaning 'gainst the end
Of the Knight's Form, which did his Stress befriend.
Free from Exceptions here on ev'ry hand,
To some he boasts, to sit; to some, to stand.

Ep. 16. *To his Reader.*

When I could serious useful Things endite,
That I do only, what is pleasant, write,
Thou, Reader, art the cause, who chant'st my Praise,
But weigh'st not at what rate I buy thy Bays.
If to the Law I did my Study bend,
And sell my Words, the Guilty to defend;
Many a Ship would bring me Wares from *Spain*,
My Lap would fordid be with frequent Gain.
Whereas my Book and I, trim Guests, are now
At Feasts, and Glory's all that Men allow.
Poets of old such Pay did not content,
When bright *Alexis* was the least was sent.

But well, thou cry'ſt, *th'haſt writ, none can it mend!*
Think'ſt this enough, to praiſe me without end,
O'reſeeſt my Wants, forbear'ſt thy Purſe to draw?
Thou'lt praiſe me out of Poetry, to Law.

Ep. 18. *On* Quinctianus.

Now in *December* that the Napkins fly
About, Spoons, Candles, Paper, Plums, that I
Only my Home-born Books a Preſent make,
For Rude or Covetous thou may'ſt me take.
But, know, I hate the vile inſnaring Trade,
By which a Gift a baited Hook is made;
Which is not caſt, to feed the hungry Fiſh,
But for a Prey to fill the Fiſher's Diſh.
Then, *Quinctianus*, to his wealthy Friend
A Poor Man's Lib'ral, when he nought does ſend.

Ep. 20. *To* Julius Martialis.

If, my dear *Martial*, 'twere allow'd to me,
An undiſturbed Life to ſpend with thee;

Our Quiet, to what lik'd us beſt, to give,
And both at leaſure were truly to live:
We'd never know the Pow'rful in the State,
Within their Courts, as do their Statues, wait;
At the vexatious Pleading-Bar attend.
But all our Time, in Books and Converſe, ſpend,
Taking in ſhady Groves or Fields the Air,
In Baths, in Feaſts, courting ſome gentle Fair.
Theſe, our dear Haunts and Buſineſs, ſhould be ſtill,
And both our ſpare and ſerious Hours ſhould fill,
That now we live, alas, we cannot ſay,
Only we find the good Suns poſt away,
And that, thô loſt, imputed is each Day.
Can thoſe that know to live, to live delay?

Ep. 24. *On* Hermes.

Hermes, the Martial Glory of the Age,
Skilful in all the Combats of the Stage;
Hermes, Maſter of Fence, and Fencer too,
The Cock and Terror of the Sword-men's Crew;

Hermes, whom *Helius* fears, but fears alone,
Avolans yields to, yet to him but one;
Hermes, that knows to conquer without Blows,
The ſecond to himſelf againſt all Foes;
Hermes, the Stages Mint, and endleſs Gain,
The Love and Strife of all their Female Train;
Hermes, that proudly ſhakes the Warlike Spear,
And fiercely threat'ning does the Trident bear;
Hermes, when casked for the blind-fold Fight,
When mope't and drooping ſeems, does then affright;
Hermes engroſſes all Men's Gifts in one,
And *Triſmegiſtus* Name deſerves alone.

Ep. 26. *On* Chereſtratus.

Wanting a Knight's Eſtate, you want the Style;
The Lictor comes: Stand up, void; ſtay a while.
Does any the Degraded Knight call back?
O noble Deed! Is any Friend not ſlack,
Out of vaſt Wealth his Title to reſtore,
Not left by any Vice, but being Poor?

His

His Gen'rous Name we will commit to Verſe,
Which all ſucceeding Ages ſhall rehearſe!
Who thus reſolv'd his better part to ſave,
And not deſcend Intire into the Grave.

And wer't not Nobler ſo great Wealth beſtow,
Than on a vain, ambitious, publick Show?
On Braſs unfeeling Statues it expend,
Althô the Artifice the Charge commend?

O Rich in vain! O falſly ſeeming Wiſe!
Who read, approve; and yet true Fame deſpiſe.

Ep. 29. *On* Mamercus.

Mamercus good Conceit, or Word, to gain,
The beſt Endeavours, *Aulus*, are in vain.
Excel the *Curii* in a Pious Fame,
'Bove *Nerva*, *Rufus*, get a courteous Name,
In Juſtice *Macrus*, *Mauricus* out-do,
Renowned *Regulus* and *Paulus* too
For Mirth and Eloquence: Yet all he bites
With canker'd Teeth, and to aſperſe, delights.

You judge, perhaps, that Envy's his Diſeaſe.
I think, Unhappineſs, whom none does pleaſe.

Ep. 30. *On* Gellia.

When thou preſent'ſt me, *Gellia*, with an Hare,
Marcus, thou ſay'ſt, 'twill make thee ſeven days fair.
If Hair be ſuch a beautifying Meat,
Thou ne're of one in all thy Life didſt eat.

Ep. 35. *On* Euclid.

While *Euclid*, clad in Purple, loud did brawl,
And near together by the Ears did fall
With *Lettius*, bidding him his Seat to leave.
Proteſting proudly, that he did receive
Two thouſand yearly Patrimonial Rent,
And more, which his *Corinthian* Mannor ſent;
Produc'd an ancient goodly Pedegree,
Deriv'd from *Leda*, by which, all might ſee
He was in truth a Knight, rich, potent, great:
An huge foul Key, the Badge of Slaves, i'th' heat

Unfortunately from his Boſom fell.
Did y' e're, of ſuch a ſpightful Key, hear tell?

Ep. 42. *What's given, never periſhes.*

A Thief may force thy Cheſts, and rob thy Gold;
A Fire thy Houſe may level with the Mold;
A Debtor, Principal and Uſe, deny;
The Corn that's ſow'd, without an Harveſt, dye;
A crafty Whore, thy Caſheer may ſurprize;
The Sea o'rewhelm thy precious Merchandize;
But what thou giv'ſt, no Chance does undergo;
That Wealth is always thine, thou doſt beſtow.

Ep. 52. *On* Rufus.

He whoſe left Arm, loaden with Books, you ſee,
And throng'd with buſie Clerks to that degree;
Whoſe Face compos'd attentively does hear
Cauſes and Sutes pour'd in at either Ear,
Moſt like a *Cato*, *Tully*, or a *Brute*,
If put upon the Rack, could not ſalute

In Latin, *Ave*, or χαῖρε in the Greek:
And if you doubt the Truth, let's to him ſpeak.

Ep. 50. *To* Labienus.

I ſaw thee lately ſitting all alone,
And, that thou hadſt been Three, I durſt have ſworn,
Thy ſeeming num'rous Heads ſo me deceiv'd,
Thy Pate here lock'd, and there of Hair bereav'd;
Not with Love-Locks, wch beaut'ous Boys do wear,
But ſome Parts tufted were, much broader bare.
Thy various Baldneſs ſtood thee late in ſtead,
When *Cæſar* dol'd the People Meat and Bread;
For thou bor'ſt home what did belong to Three.
The fam'd *Gerion* ſure was ſuch as Thee.
Philip's Portico, I adviſe thee, fly:
If *Hercules* ſpy thee, th'art ſure to dye.

Ep. 52. *On* Poſthumus.

Thy Gifts I bear in mind, and ever will.
Why don't I ſpeak them then? 'Cauſe thou doſt ſtill:

I can to none relate them, but they ſay,
He told us all himſelf the other day.
Some things are ne're done well by Two: If I
Muſt celebrate thy Deeds, make Thou no cry.
Should'ſt, *Poſthumus*, the vaſteſt Gifts beſtow,
Thy after Boaſting would them all o'rethrow.

Ep. 54. *To* Baſſus.

Why doſt thou, *Baſſus*, of *Thyeſtes* write?
Niobe's Tears, or of *Medea*'s Flight?
A fitter Subject of thy Verſe by far,
Phaëton's burning, or the Deluge, were.

Ep. 58. *To* Poſthumus.

To Morrow ſtill, to Morrow, thou doſt ſay,
That thou wilt live. When will arrive the Day;
How far's this Morrow off? Or where? Canſt tell?
With *Parthians* or *Armenians* does it dwell?
Old *Neſtor*'s Years it has already told;
Say, May we purchaſe it for any Gold?

Thou'lt live to Morrow: 'Tis too late to Day.
He, *Poſthumus*, was wiſe, liv'd Yeſterday.

Ep. 60. *To a Detractor.*

Altho' thou bark'ſt at me yet more and more,
And ſuch thy Curriſh Snarlings as're giv'ſt o're,
Decreed it is, thou never ſhalt acquire
The Fame, to which thou doſt ſo much aſpire,
Within my Books, tho' ill, but to be read:
That once thou wert, why ſhould it e're be ſaid?
No, Wretch, thy Fate it is, *to Dye unknown.*
And yet, perhaps, there may be found ſome one
Or two, or more, about the Town, who may
In thy Dog's Hide faſten their Teeth, and bay.
But from ſuch baſe Engagements I'll contain;
My Nails, to ſcratch thy Mange, do much Diſdain.

Ep. 62. *On* Marianus.

Who is this *Criſpus*, I ſo often ſee
Cloſe to thy Wife? *This Criſpus*, who is he?

He

He leans his Elbow nicely on her Chair,
And always whiſpers ſomething in her Ear;
His ſlender Fingers many Jewels grace,
Not all his Body for one Hair has place.
Wilt thou not anſwer me? Thou ſay'ſt, Tis he
Does thy Wife's buſineſs, and ſuch muſt be free.
In ſooth, a ſober Man, of a grave Meen,
The Solicitor in his Face is ſeen;
Chius nor* *Auſinus* look'd more Auſtere.
To be the ſport of Mimicks, doſt not fear?
Deſerve to be the Fable of the Stage?
The noted Wit-all of the preſent Age?
He thy Wife's buſineſs do? That Thing ſo fine?
He does not thy Wife's buſineſs, but does thine.

* *Two infamous Pimps.*

Ep. 63. *To* Ponticus.

How I thy Book, *Ponticus*, do approve,
To ſay, thou anxiouſly doſt often move.

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, aſtoniſh'd, nought I read ſo rare!
The Beſt of Wits cannot with theſe compare!

Pon.] *Cæſar* and *Jove* propitious to thee be,
As thus thou think'ſt. *Mart.*] Or rather unto thee.

Ep. 64. *To his Waiters.*

Pour luſty Wine, *Caliſtus*, fill it up;
With Summer Snow, *Alcime*, dilute the Cup;
Let my Locks drop, with rich *Amomus* ſpread,
And with a Wreath of Roſes crown my Head.
I'm bid to Live, by *Cæſar*'s Tomb that's nigh,
While it proclaim's, The Gods themſelves do dye.

Ep. 69. *On* Mark Anthony.

So black, *Mark Anthony*, ſo foul's thy Name,
That, ev'n *Photinus* Guilt, thou dar'ſt not blame:]
In *Tully*'s Gore, alone, more deeply dy'd,
Than all the Sea of Bloud thou ſhedd'ſt beſide.
How durſt thou, *Mad-man*, ſheath thy impious Blade
In Rome's own Throat? In *Tully*'s Life invade

The

The Commonwealths? A Crime, that put a ſtand
To *Cat'lin*'s Soul, and damp'd his daring Hand.
Thou hir'dſt a Villain with accurſed Gold,
To gagg the Tongue that did thy Life unfold;
What boots it thee, to ſilence, at ſuch Price,
One Divine Tongue? Think'ſt ſo to hide thy Vice?
For Virtue now, and murder'd *Tully*'s ſake,
All Tongues enveigh, and all *Philippicks* make.

Ep. 70. *On* Syriſcus, *a Slave.*

In rambling only through baſe Booths and Huts,
Vile Tap-houſes, and Cellars among Sluts,
Syriſcus full five hundred Pound made fly,
(His Lord's vain Gift) i'th' twinckling of an Eye.
Strange Luxury, to conſume all this deal,
Nor ſitting for't the Time allow'd a Meal!

Ep. 73. *To* Theodorus.

That I my Books do not to thee impart,
Altho thou ſu'ſt, and inſtant for them art,

Doſt wonder? For good Cauſe I this decline;
For fear, leſt, *Theodore*, thou give me thine.

Ep. 74. *On* Pompey, *and his Sons.*

Europe, and *Aſia*, *Pompey*'s Sons intomb;
Africk, himſelf, if he finds any room.
No wonder, thus the World they quarter, ſlain,
What Soil ſo great a Ruin could contain?

Ep. 77. *On* Cinna.

By th' often Uſe of Poiſon he did make,
The *Pontick* King, unhurt, could Poiſon take,
And, *Cinna*, thou, by eating ill, tak'ſt care,
Neither to dye by ſcant, or evil, Fare.

Ep. 79. *On* Zoilus.

I'th' Meal ten times thou from the Board doſt range,
And ev'ry time thou doſt thy Veſtment change,
For fear, leſt, Sweating, harm thy Body get,
Between the Air, and Garments that are wet.

by ſweat not I, who Sup with thee, thou Fool?
ho has no change of Clothes, is ſtrangely cool.

Ep. 81. *To* Emilianus.

If thou art Poor, thou ſhalt be ever ſo,
e Rich do only on the Rich beſtow.

LIB. VI.

Ep. 4. *To* Domitian.

THô for ſo many Triumphs *Rome* does owe,
Which, mighty Prince, thy Valour did beſtow,
So many Temples New, ſo many old,
So many Shows, and Gods by thee enroll'd,
So many Cities won, or elſe laid waſte;
Yet more ſhe owes, That thou haſt made her *Chaſt.

* *By reviving an old Law againſt Adultery.*

Ep. 5. *To* Cecilianus.

I lately purchas'd have a Piece of Ground.
Cecilian, lend me, pray, a hundred Pound.

Doſt ſay, I ne're will pay? And thereon pauſe?
To ſpeak the truth, I borrow for that cauſe.

Ep. 8. *To* Severus.

Two Pretors, and Tribunes no leſs than four,
Seven Advocates, and Poets half a Score,
Were Sutors lately to a certain Maid;
Her Father of them all ſmall Reck'ning made,
But on a Cryer did the Girl beſtow.
Wherein he play'd the Fool, I do not know.

Ep. 10. *To* Domitian.

I late of *Jove* a thouſand Crowns did crave.
He'l give't, ſays he, who me a Temple gave.
That He, indeed, a Temple gave to thee,
But yet no Thouſand Crowns beſtows on me.
backward was *our Jove* this way t'engage:
ut how Serene! How free from cloudy Rage
He read my Suit! With ſuch a placid Brow
o *conquer'd Kings* their Crowns he does allow;

And

And from the *Capitol* returns and goes.
O Virgin! Who alone our great Lord knows,
If with ſuch Looks he does our Sutes reject,
Say, with what Meen he does them then accept.
I pray'd: *Pallas* (her Shield revers'd) reply'd:
What is not giv'n yet, think'ſt thou, Fool, deny'd?

Ep. II. *On* Marcus.

Thou wonder'ſt, Friendſhip now's no more re-
(nown'd,
That no *Oreſtes*, *Pylades*, are found!
Pylades ever, *Marcus*, drank o'th' ſame,
Nor fatter Thruſhes to *Oreſtes* came;
Each, better than himſelf, did th'other treat,
No diff'rence made in Beverage, or in Meat.

On *Lucrine* Oyſters thou doſt gormondize,
While flaſhy of *Peloris* me ſuffice:
And yet my Palat's as refin'd as thine,
As skill'd in the beſt Meats, and nobleſt Wine.
Rich *Tyrian* Wool, to make thy Garment's, ſought,
But mine, the courſeſt which from *Gallia*'s brought:

Would

Would'ſt have me love thee in a Purple Gown,
My ſelf like th' pooreſt Soldier clad, or Clown?
If you expect I *Pylades* ſhould be,
Oreſtes you muſt ſhew your ſelf to me.
Friendſhip by Deeds, not Words, muſt be approv'd,
The Man muſt *Love*, that ſeeks to be *Belov'd*.

Ep. 14. *On* Laberius.

Thou canſt write exc'llent Verſe, as thou doſt ſay;
Why then to write, *Laberius*, doſt delay?
Who can do ought that's Excellent, and with-hold,
Among the greateſt Men may be enroll'd.

Ep. 19. *To his Advocate.*

Of Murder, Poiſon, War, th'aſt nought to ſay,
But of three Goats, my Neighbour ſtole away;
The Judge requires, I this ſhould make appear.
To th' *Pontick* War thou mak'ſt Excurſions here,
Hannā's Fight, *Punick* Falſhood; thou, with might
Of Hand and Voice, doſt roaring out recite

Or

Of *Syllas*, *Marius*, and *Mutius*, various Story,
Speak to the three Goats, loſt in ſo much Glory.

Ep. 20. *To* Phœbus.

Thou ſaying oft, Wilt nought of me command?
To borrow a ſmall Sum I did demand,
But then thou humm'ſt, demurr'dſt, thy ſelf and me
With long Doubts vext. I nothing ask, th'art free.

Ep. 22. *On* Proculina.

That *Proculina*'s marry'd to her Knave,
And will her Gallant, for her Husband, have,
Fearing the *Julian* Law: She does not wed,
But does confeſs, what Life before ſhe led.

Ep. 24. *On* Chariſianus.

Chariſian's vainer far than all the Town,
When others Maſquerade, he's ſeen in's Gown.

Ep. 25. *To* Marcellinus.

Thou Gen'rous Offspring of a Noble Race,
Bold *Marcellinus*, who now holds the Place,
Where horrid Winter wars no leſs than Foes;
Accept the Vows thy Father's Friend beſtows.
Thy Courage ſtill, be prudent; Brav'ry, wiſe;
Who on Affected Danger runs, deſpiſe:
Delight in Wounds, only in Fools takes place;
Be thou thy Country's Bulwark, and her Grace.

Ep. 28. *A Epitaph on* Glauſia.

Melior's Freeman far renown'd,
Who dying, *Rome* in Sorrow drown'd,
The ſhort Delight of's Patron dear,
Glaucia beneath this Marble here,
Near the *Flaminian* way's interr'd.
Tho' from Chaſt Laws he never err'd,
A Modeſt Bluſh his Face o'reſpread.

Quick of Wit, of wonderous Grace,
Scarce thirteen Years in him took place.
Who mourn'ſt ſuch ſad untimely Loſs,
May'ſt never weep for thine own Croſs.

Ep. 29. On the ſame.

None of the abject, proſtrate, Crew,
Which greedy Bauds in Cages mew,
But fix'd all Vices far above,
And worthy of an honeſt Love,
When not yet ſenſible to know,
What Boon his Patron did beſtow,
Glaucia was *Melior*'s Freeman made,
To his Endowments this was paid.
For who more Charming, who more Fair?
More with *Apollo* might compare?
The Graces which in him did dwell,
Did thoſe o'th' youthful God excel.
Immod'rate Virtue, 'tis thy Doom,
But ſeldom to Old Age to come.

To prevent Sorrow's ſharp Diſeaſe,
Pray, nought thou lov'ſt may too much pleaſe.

Ep. 30. *On* Petus.

If when ten Pound you promis'd, you had paid,
And giv'n it home with me, and not delay'd,
I had your Debtor for an Hundred been:
But ſending it, *Petus*, ſo tardy in,
After ſeven Months, I gueſs, or nine Months time,
I know not which to call't, a Gift, or Crime.
Shall I what's truer, ev'n than Truth, expound,
Inſtead of giving, thou haſt loſt, ten Pound.

Ep. 31. *On* Charidemus.

Oft with thy Wife does the Phyſician lye,
Thou knowing, *Charidem*, and ſtanding by,
I ſee, thou wilt not of a Feaver dye.

Ep. 32. *On the Death of* Otho.

When yet the chance of War did doubtful ſtand,
And *Otho* might have had the upper hand;
War he renounc'd, maintain'd by Seas of Bloud,
And with his own, reſtrain'd the Publick Floud.
Thô *Cato*'s Life, than *Ceſar*'s, greater were;
Otho, in's Death, exceeded *Cato* far.

Ep. 39. *On* Cinna.

Of thy *Marulla*'s ſevenfold Births, not one,
Cinna, is thine, or yet a free-born Son:
For not thy ſelf, thy Neighbour, or thy Friend,
To their begetting can at all pretend:
But their Dams Stealths are ſhewn by ev'ry Head,
To be the Work o'th' Straw, and Trundle-Bed.
He, who, *Moor-like*, with Woolly Hair we ſee,
Of the Cook *Santer* does confeſs to be.
But he with the ſtrutting Lips, and flat Noſe,
The pure Image of the Wreſtler does diſcloſe,

Pan.

Pannicus. The third, who's ignorant to be
The Baker *Dama's*, who does *Dama* ſee,
And a bleer Eye know? The fourth, fair to ſight,
Shewing a Wanton Brow, thy Catamite
Lygdus got. But he with a Copped Crown,
And Ears banging like Aſſes up and down,
Who can deny to *Gyrrhe*, the Buffoon?
Two Girls, of Fox this, that of Blackbird Hue,
Their Sires, the Piper *Crote*, and *Carpus* ſhew
The Hinde. Compleat were now thy Mungrel Race,
Could thy two Eunuchs gen'rate, as embrace.

Ep. 50. *On* Theleſinus.

When *Theleſinus* did Obſervance pay
To honeſt Men, he went in poor Array:
But when to Pimp he did himſelf apply,
Houſes and Land, he had wherewith, to buy.
Wouldſt thou be Rich? Be Factor to ſome Sin:
Honeſt Employment brings but little in.

Ep. 60. *On* Pompillus.

Peop.] *Pompillus* Name is up, his Work is done,
His Fame throughout the Univerſe doth run.
Mart.] So may our *German* Foes ſucceſsful be,
And all, O *Italy!* that love not thee.
Peop.] *Pompillus* Lines for Wit yet have the Name.
Mart.] But truſt me, that is not enough for Fame.
How many witty, learned, Books do come
To ſerve the Kitchen, and to feed the Worm?
I know not what 'tis more, that makes Books live,
'Tis not the *Wit*, but *Soul*, the Authors give.

Ep. 62. *On an Envious Perſon.*

Rome hugs my Verſe, and cries it up for Rare;
My Books each Hand and ev'ry Boſom bear;
There's one yet lowres, diſdains, is ill at Eaſe;
I'm glad my Verſes now my ſelf do pleaſe.

Ep. 63. *To* Marianus.

You know y'are flatter'd, know the greedy Knave,
You know what 'tis such Flatterers would have;
And yet you write him Heir in your Last Deed,
And will that he, in all you have, succeed.
What thô he sends great Gifts? 'Tis with an Hook,
And do the Fish the Angler ever brook?
Will this Man mourn, when thou no more shalt live?
Wouldst have him Mourn? Then nothing to him (give.

Ep. 64: *On a Detractor.*

When not of *Fabius* sowr Race sprung you are,
Nor *Curius*, who himself to's Ploughmen bear
Their Dinner, whose rough Wife her Childbed made,
Under the Covert of an Oak's thick Shade:
But of a Fathenborn, trimm'd by a Glass,
A Mother, for a Courtezan, does pass;
And so effeminate you your self withal,
Your Wife, thô nice she be, you Wife may call.

For you to dare my much-fam'd Verſe detract,
The *Momus*, on my approv'd *Toys*, to act;
My *Toys*, I ſay, all *Rome* attentive hear,
To which both Learn'd and Noble lend an Ear;
Which deathleſs *Silius* with Regard does treat;
And *Regulus* fluent Tongue deigns to repeat;
Which to revolve, *Cæſar* a time does ſpare,
Amidſt the Weight of all the Publick Care.

But you know more, your wiſe diſcerning Heart
Pallas has fram'd by the *Athenian* Art.

May I not live, if th'Heart and Paunch we meet
The Garbage, Guts, and the great dangling Feet,
Which loaded Butchers carry through the Street,
With no ſmall Terror unto ev'ry Noſe,
Do not a ſharper Wit than thine diſcloſe.
Yet, with the waſte of Paper, againſt me
Verſes you write, ſuch as none read, or ſee:
But if my chafed Choler thee ſhall brand,
The Work will live, be read in ev'ry Land;

Tis

'Tis not the Barber's Soap can cleanſe the Stain.
Take heed thy Outrage be not thine own Bane,
To urge a *ſtrong Bear*, ceaſe to preſume,
Until his Rage forth at his Noſtrils fume;
Thô calm, he'l lick the Hand, and Strokings bear;
Rous'd and provok'd, you'l find him ſtill a *Bear*.
Thy Teeth then faſten in ſome empty Hide,
Or Beaſt that's dead, and will the Wrong abide.

Ep. 70. *On* Cotta.

Cotta has paſs'd his threeſcore Years and two,
And ne're remembers that he had to do
With Sickneſs, or yet once laid down his Head;
For a Diſtemper felt a tedious Bed:
But at Phyſicians he durſt point with Scorn,
At *Daſius* and *Alcontus* make a Horn. *Two Phyſicians.
If, like wiſe Men, we do our Years compute,
Raze or ſubſtract the Days that did not ſuit
With happy Life, ſuch as in Pain are ſpent,
Gouts, ſharp Feavers, and the Mind's Diſcontent,

We

We ſhould but Children be, that Aged ſeem;
And hugely th'are impos'd upon, who deem,
Priam and *Neſtor* many Years have told:
Not who live long but happily, are Old.

Ep. 77. *On* Afrus.

When poorer yet than *Irus* thou art deem'd,
Than *Parthenopeus* younger much eſteem'd,
Stronger than Wreſtlers in their Prime and Might,
Why to be born by Six doſt thou delight?
'Twere a leſs Jeſt, ſhouldſt thou in Publick go
Naked, a-foot, than with this Pag'ant Show.
The State thou tak'ſt does more abſurd appear,
Than if ſix Slaves, a ſeventh, in Pomp ſhould bear
A *Moor* upon an Elephant of like hue,
Would move leſs Laughter 'mong the Vulgar Crew;
Or ſhould a dwindl'd Dwarf a tip-toe ſtand,
By way of Rival, at huge *Atlas* hand.
Wouldſt know what Scorn thy Pride to thee has bred?
Men grudge that ſix ſhou'd bear thee, wert thou dead.

The Noble on a ſtately Hearſe appear,
The Baſe are carry'd forth upon a Bier.

Ep. 78. *On* Phrix.

Phrix, a ſtout Drinker, who no Goblet fear'd,
Thô one Eye he had loſt, and t'other bleer'd:
Who (when Phyſicians bid of Wine beware,
And threaten'd Blindneſs, if he had not Care,)
Deriding, ſaid, Farewel my other Eye.
And ten large Cups bid fill him by and by, (Prank?
And more than once. Wouldſt know the end o'th'
Phrix ſoak'd good Wine, but his Eye Poiſon drank.

Ep. 79. *To* Lupus.

Th'art Rich and Sad; take heed leſt *Fortune* ſee,
And, as Ungrateful, do proceed with thee.

Ep. 82. *To* Ruſus.

One, very ſtrictly, me of late did eye,
s thoſe that Slaves or Fencers uſe to buy:

And

And when he had ſurvey'd me o're and o're
With Eye and Finger too, behind, before.
Art thou, art thou, (ſays then aſtoniſh'd he)
The famous Merry *Martial*, that I ſee?
Whoſe Wit not only duller Climes admire,
But thoſe, who to the nobleſt Arts aſpire?
I, bluſhing, ſmil'd: And with a light Aſſent
Did not deny, I was the Man he meant.
How com'ſt thou then, ſays he, ſo meanly Clad?
I did reply, Becauſe my Verſe are Bad.
Leſt, *Rufus*, oft I'm drove to ſay the ſame,
Send Garments, ſuit not with my State, but Fame.

Ep. 84. *On* Philippus.

Philip, in health, eight Men to bear him had.
Who thinks him in good Health, himſelf is Mad.

Ep. 93. *On* Thais.

Thais ſtinks worſe, than a ſtale Fuller's Vat
few broken in the way, than a dead Rat,

Lion's mouth; a Rutting Goat's leſs Rank,
Carr'on Dog caſt upon *Tiber*'s Bank,
utrid Chick that's addl'd in the Egg,
le pickled Fiſh corrupted in the Kegg.
: then the Drab (her Hautgout to diſguiſe,
en to the Bath ſhe goes,) deals in this wiſe.
ſelf ſhe husks under thick Paſtes, and guards
th Oyls, thrice and four times repeated Fards.
: when ſhe, by theſe Arts, hopes all is well,
dominant *Thais* does of *Thais* ſmell.

LIB. VII.

Ep. 4. *To* Cæſar.

IF with thee, *Cæſar*, the Deſires take place
Of People, Senate, all the *Roman* Race:
Thy Preſence graciouſly to them afford,
At their impatient Suit, return their Lord.
Rome her Foes envies, that they Thee detain,
Thô many Laurels ſhe thereby doth gain;
That barb'rous Nations ſee her Prince ſo near,
Enjoy that Face, which they do alſo fear.

Ep. 8. *On* Caſcelius.

If thou at Sixty but Ingenious be,
When ſhall we thee, *Caſcelius*, Learned ſee?

Ep. 11. *To* Fauſtinus.

May *Cæſar* ſtill with the ſame gracious Ear,
And ſerene Brow, my Sportive Verſes hear,
As they wrong none, not thoſe I juſtly hate;
As Fame I love not at the odious rate
Of others Bluſhes. But what does it avail?
If in Bloud-fetching Lines others do rail,
And vomit Vip'rous Poiſon in my Name;
Such as the Sun, themſelves, to own, do ſhame?
Who know me, know, my Verſes harmleſs are:
And by the Muſes ſacred Quire I ſwear,
By th'*Genius* of my prevailing Fame,
By thy *Ears*, candid *Reader*, and thy *Name*,
Which hold the Place of *Deities* to me,
From all Malignant Envy I am free.

Ep. 18. *On a Fragment of the Ship* Argus.

This Piece thou ſe'ſt of rotten uſeleſs Wood,
Was the firſt Ship that ever plough'd the Flood:
Which not the Billows of *Cyanean* Seas
Of old could wreck, or *Scythian* worſe than theſe.
Age conquer'd it; but in Time's Gulf thus drown'd,
One Plank's more Sacred, than the Veſſel ſound.

Ep. 24. *On a ſoft Poet.*

When all the Epigrams are ſweet, you write,
More candid, than a Face that's painted white;
No Grain of Salt throughout them all is ſeen,
Or drop of Gall: Fool, to be read, doſt deem?
The choiceſt Meat wo'nt down without all Sauce,
Nor finds the Face, that has no Mole, applauſe.
To Children give Fruits, that are luſcious ſweet,
For Men, what's quick and poinant's only meet.

Ep. 26. To Dexter, *on a Wild Boar he ſent him.*

A huge unweildy Boar with much Maſt fed,
That had laid waſte the Fields where he was bred,
A Monſter, like to that *Meleager* ſlew,
In 's Blood bold *Dexter* did his Spear embrew.
Th' Invidious Prey before my Fire doth lye,
And with its chearful Stream, my *Lares* by
Bedews: While of much kindl'd Wood the Light
My Kitchen makes all Feſtival and bright.
But then the Cook demands a pow'r of Spice,
Choice Wines for Pickle, of the higheſt Price.
Back to thy Lord return, Impetuous Boar,
My Range, to entertain thee, is too poor.
Mean Food, and ſcant, I rather chooſe to bear,
Than ſuch Confounding, thô Voluptuous, Fare.

Ep. 41. To Caſtricus.

If any in Rich Gifts with thee dare vye,
His Skill with thee, in Verſe too, let him try:

I, Poor in both, prepared am to yield,
And find much Eaſe, by quitting of the Field.
Why then Ill Verſes do I thee preſent?
Doſt think, none e're *Alcinous* Apples ſent?

Ep. 42. *To* Cinna.

The beſt, when thou art ask'd, is to ſay, I:
The next is, *Cinna*, quickly to deny.
I love him Gives; him, that Denies, not hate;
But thou both giveſt and deny'ſt, too late.

Ep. 45. *To* Priſcus.

While Verſes thou wilt have thy Gift attend,
Which thou deſir'ſt, like *Homer*'s, may be penn'd,
Thy ſelf and me thou vexeſt day and night,
And, to my Grief, thy Muſe takes her Delight.
Lofty and chiming Verſe to th' Rich preſent,
Courſe uſeful Gifts beſt to the Poor are ſent.

Ep. 46. *To* Licinius Sura.

Thou moſt Illuſtrious of our Learned Men,
Whoſe Style the Ancients does retrieve again;
How great a Gift did Fates on us beſtow,
When, ready now to taſte the Waves below,
They ſent thee back; when all gave way to Tears,
And had depoſed both their Hopes and Fears.
Hell's Regent could not ſo much Envy bear,
But did himſelf thy Thread of Life repair.
Thou ſe'ſt what Grief, wer't Dead, would all annoy;
And may'ſt thy After-Life, in Life, enjoy. (Flow'r,
Live like one ſnatch't from Death, crop Joy's brief
Who from the Grave's return'd, ſhould loſe no hour.

Ep. 50. *To* Urbicus.

If you deſire my Sportive Books to know,
Yet care not for them Money to beſtow;
Pompeius Auctus (unknown) from me greet,
In *Mars Revenger*'s Temple him you'l meet;

Skill'd in all Law and Courts: On him I look,
Not as my Reader, but my very Book.
By heart he has ſo perfect ev'ry Line,
That not a Title can be loſt that's mine.
So that the Author he might claim to be,
Did he not favour both my Fame and Me.
You may your ſelf (ſo late) to him invite,
From Buſineſs he is never free till night.
His little Supper will admit of two,
He'l Read; to Eat, is all you have to do:
And when you ſay, Enough; he'l ſtill go on;
Nay, thô y'are tir'd, he will not yet have done.

Ep. 53. *To* Naſidienus.

There's not a Morn, that me thou doſt not vex
With idle Dreams, that may my Thoughts perplex:
Which, while to expiate, thou doſt pretend,
The Wine of two years Vintage to an end
Is brought; ſalt, meal, whole heaps of Gums are ſpent;
And from my dwindling Flocks my Lambs are ſent;

A Pig, an Hen, an Egg, I cannot keep,
Watch, with a Pox, or, at thine own Charge, ſleep.

Ep. 59. *To* Jove.

Great *Rome*, dread *Jove*, and Heav'n, obey thy Nod,
And all believe, when *Cæſar*'s ſafe, a God.
While others, for themſelves, do theſe adore,
What e're a Deity can give, implore:
That I alone do nought of thee deſire,
As Pride in me, let it not move thine Ire.
That thou to *Cæſar* would'ſt propitious be,
I ought to pray, and *Cæſar* unto me.

Ep. 64. *On* Gargilianus.

Ten Winters, *Gargilianus*, twice o're told,
Thy ſingle Law Suit in three Courts did hold.
Ah, Wretch and Mad-man! Twenty Years to brawl,
When in thy Pow'r it was, to give up all.

Ep. 68. *On* Theophila.

This is *Theophila*, that Learned She,
The Gods, my *Canius*, have reſerv'd for thee,
Whom, his Diſciple, *Plato*'s proud to name,
The *Stoa* doth as emulouſly claim.
The Works will live, that paſs her Learned Teſt
So Wiſe, ſo above Woman's, is her Breaſt.
Not fair *Pantenis* can to her aſpire,
Thô ſo Illuſtrious in the *Muſes* Quire:
Amorous *Sappho* may admire her Verſe,
Greater in Virtue, not in Po'ſy leſs.

Ep. 72. *To* Maximus.

Houſes in *Dian*'s Mount, in *Eſquilin*,
More i'th' *Patrician* Street of thine are ſeen;
Hence *Cybel*'s Fane, from thence thou may'ſt behc
Veſta's; here *Jove*'s new Temple, there his old.
Where may we find thee? Say, in what place? Te
Who ev'ry where abides, does no where dwell.

Ep. 75. *To* Philomuſus.

That our Great Ones ſtrive, who ſhall catch thee Cup,
Who carry thee to Plays, to Walk, to Sup;
Take high Delight, as often as they may,
To bathe with thee, to have thee on the way.
Do not for this, thy ſelf too much admire,
They do not love thee, but to Laugh, deſire.

Ep. 80. *To* Lauſus.

Thirty Bad Epigrams are daſh'd by thee,
Call my Book Good, if thirty Good there be.

Ep. 83. *To his Book.*

Secundus, while to after Times does leave
My Picture, and the rare Piece ſeems to breath;
My Book to *Geta*, and ſtill *Iſter* go,
Held by *Secundus* from the conquer'd Foe.
To him a ſmall, but pleaſing, Gift thou'lt be,
And in my Verſe, my perfect Face he'l ſee:

Which

Which neither Chance, nor pow'r of Time, can raſe
Ev'n when *Apelles* Works they ſhall deface.

Ep. 84. *To* Sabellus.

That thou Tetraſtichs writes, not without Wit,
And Diſtichs alſo prettily doſt hit,
I praiſe, but not admire: Men eas'ly write
Epigrams, but 'tis hard a Book t' endite.

Ep. 86. *On Himſelf.*

If *Flaccus* in an horned Owl delight,
Canius in an *Ethiope*, black as Night,
If *Publius* a little Bitch does love,
And *Cronius* does an Ape no leſs approve,
If *Marius* a vile *Indian* Mouſe affects,
And our *Lauſus* a pratling Pie reſpects,
Glacilla wreaths about her Neck a Snake,
Another for her Bird a Tomb does make,
Why may not I admire a lovely Face,
When Monſters, like to theſe, the others grace?

Ep. 89. *To* Creticus.

Matho objects, my Books unequal are,
If he ſays true, he praiſes e're aware,
Calvinus Umber writes an equal Strain,
The Book is nought, that's throughout flat and plain.

Ep. 91. *On* Baccara.

"If need thou haſt, thou need'ſt not me intreat,
"*Baccar*, theſe Words thou often doſt repeat.
My Creditors Rage thou in his Look doſt read,
Thou ſe'ſt, but know'ſt not, *Baccar*, what I need.
My Rent, thou by, is call'd for in with ſpeed,
Thou hear'ſt, but know'ſt not, *Baccar*, what I need.
I ſhiver in a tatter'd thread-bare Weed,
Thou ſe'ſt, yet know'ſt not, *Baccar*, what I need.
I need, that thou wert Planet ſtruck with ſpeed,
No more that thou may'ſt ſay, What doſt thou need?

Ep. 95. An Epitaph on Urbicus.

I Infant *Urbicus* here bury'd lye,
My Name and Birth Great *Rome* did dignify.
Three Years I had not full attain'd unto,
When rigid Fates my Thread did cut in two.
What ſerv'd my Childhood, Beauty, early Speech?
To drop a Tear, is all they can beſeech.
Which if thou doſt, may like Chance from thee fly,
And all thou lov'ſt, as ag'd as *Neſtor* dye.

Ep. 96. To his Book.

If Book, *Ceſius Sabinus*, (the Renown
Of hilly *Umbria*, and of the Town
Of my friend *Aulus Pudens*) thou doſt know,
How e're employ'd, yet boldly to him go;
Thô many urgent Cares oppreſs his Mind,
A vacant Time to read thee, he will find.
For me he loves; and deigns my Verſe the Grace,
Next *Turnus* Noble Works to hold the Place.

O,

O, what great Glories are for thee prepar'd!
What num'rous Friends! what Trophies to be ſhar'd!
There's not a Mart, in which thou'lt not be found,
A Feaſt, a Street, but will with thee reſound,
The Baths, the Portico's, ev'n ev'ry Stall,
To *One* th'art ſent, but wilt be read by *All*.

Ep. 97. *On* Caſtor.

While all things thou didſt buy, it thee befel,
That all things, *Caſtor*, thou doſt likewiſe ſell.

Ep. 98. *To* Criſpinus.

May'ſt thou the Prince ſtill Gracious to thee find,
And *Rome*, no leſs than *Egypt*, ever kind:
(When in Court my Verſes thou doſt hear,
For ſometimes *Cæſar* deigns to them an Ear)
Thou me afford'ſt this free and candid Praiſe,
This Man's a Glory, *Cæſar*, to thy Days,
Yields not to *Marſus*, *Pedo*, or the beſt.
This is enough; to *Cæſar* leave the reſt.

Ep. 101. *On* Milo.

While *Milo* travels, fallow lyes his Field,
His Wife, howe're, an Yearly Crop doth yield.
How comes ſhe Fruitful, and that Barren? Say
His Wife was till'd, his Land neglected lay.

LIB. VIII.

Ep. 3. *To his Muſe.*

FIve had ſuffic'd, ſix Books or ſeven do cloy,
Why doſt as yet delight, *my Muſe*, to toy?
Give o're for ſhame: Fame has not more to grace
My Verſe, the Buſineſs made in ev'ry place.
And when proud Tombs, in wch for Fame men truſt,
O'rethrown and broken lye reduc'd to Duſt,
I ſhall be read, Strangers will make 't their care,
Unto their ſev'ral Homes my Works to bear.
She of the *Sacred Nine*, (when I had ſpoke)
Whoſe Locks with Odors drop, thus Silence broke.

And

And wilt thou then thy pleaſant Verſe forſake?
What better Choice, Ungrateful, canſt thou make?
Exchange thy Mirthful for a Tragick Vein?
Thunder harſh Wars in an Heroick Strain,
Which ſtrutting Pedants, till th'are hoars, may rant,
While the Ripe Youth deteſt to hear the Cant?
Let the o're-ſowre and dull that way delight,
Whoſe Lamps at Midnight ſee the Wretches write.
But ſeaſon thou thy Lines with ſharpeſt Wit,
That all may read their Vices ſmartly hit.
Althô thou ſeem'ſt to play but on a Reed,
Thy ſlender Pipe the Trumpet does exceed.

Ep. 6. On Euctus.

Than *Euctus* antick Plate, nothing can be
More hateful; Earthen Pots I wiſh to ſee,
When he their raving Pedegrees to relate,
Deadens the Wine with his old ruſty Prate.
This Cup, *Laomedon*'s own Table grac'd;
This was Apollo's, when *Troy*'s Walls he plac'd;

This, 'gainſt the *Lapithes*, did *Rhecus* throw,
See how 'tis craz'd, and batter'd with the Blow!
This, of odd Make, was *Neſtor*'s high Delight,
Neſtor's own Thumb did wear this Dove ſo bright;
Achilles, in this Scyff, large Draughts did pour
To's Friends, having carous'd it off before.
This Bowl to *Bitias Dido* quaff'd, that Night
She entertain'd her lov'd *Dardanian* Knight!
While thus he boaſts Goblets of *Priam*'s Age,
Wines of **Aſtianax* our Thirſts aſſwage.
We'd rather of thy Wine thou'dſt cracke the Odds;
Give us the Liquor, not the Plate, o'th' Gods.

* *That is, Infant Wine new, and naught.*

Ep. 7. On Cinna.

Is this to plead, the Learned Lawyer play,
In ten Hours, *Cinna*, but nine Words to ſay?
Yet thou this Time, four Glaſſes didſt encreaſe.
'Tis a vaſt while that thou can'ſt hold thy Peace;

Ep. 10. *On* Baſſus.

Baſſus a Gown of richeſt Purple Die,
But lately, for an hundred Crowns did buy.
O mighty Bargain! Why? So Cheap d'you ſay?
Yes, unto him, who never means to pay.

Ep. 12. *On* Priſcus.

Doſt ask, Why a Rich Wife I would not wed?
Becauſe I would be Lord i'th' Marri'ge Bed.
The Wife, *Priſcus*, ſhould th' Inferior be:
But Wealth on her part, makes a Parity.

Ep. 13. *On a Fool.*

I bought a Fool, I thought, for twenty Pound,
Reſtore my Coyn, the Fool his Wit has found.

Ep. 18. *To* Cirinus.

Such Epigrams, *Cirinus*, thou doſt frame,
As with, or before, mine, might get a Name:

But

But ſuch Regard to thy old Friend th'aſt ſhown,
That my Fame's dearer to thee, than thine own.
Thus Odes, for *Horace* ſake, *Virgil* forbore,
Althô he *Pindar* could have gone before.
To *Varus* left the proud Cothurnal Vein,
Thô himſelf mightier was i'th' Tragick Strain.
Many will give their Goods, their Gold, their Ground
But, that Give Place in Wit, there's few are found.

Ep. 21. *On the coming of* Cæſar.

Phoſphor, bring Light; why doſt our Joys delay?
Cæſar's to come; *Phoſphor*, bring on the Day.
Rome begs it. Art drawn in *Bootes* Teem,
Thou mov'ſt ſo ſlowly with a lazy Beam?
On this occaſion *Cillaron* endorſe,
Caſtor will not refuſe to lend his Horſe.
Impatient *Titan* why doſt thou detain?
Xanthus and *Ethon* both deſire the Rein;
Aurora waits: Yet ling'ring Stars there be,
As if the *Moon* th' *Auſonian* King would ſee.

Come, *Cæſar*, thô in Night, let Stars delay:
When thou art here, we ſhall not want a Day.

Ep. 24. *To* Domitian.

If in this little Book of modeſt Brow,
I ought do beg, and not too Great, allow:
Or if thou grants not, *Cæſar*, let me ſue;
Incenſe and Pray'rs ne're *Jove*'s Diſpleaſure drew.
Not he that carves the Form, in Stone or Oar,
Does make a God, but he that does Adore.

Ep. 30. *On the Story of* M. Scœvola *acted.*

In *Brutus* time, what was *Rome*'s higheſt Praiſe
Is as a Paſtime ſhew'd, in *Cæſar*'s days:
The Preſentation, the true Story ſhames,
His Valiant Hand ſo bravely graſps the Flames,
Enjoys its Torment, and derides their Ire,
Frolicks and Reigns in the aſtoniſh'd Fire!
His own Spectator he appears to ſtand,
Applaud, not Feel, the Fun'ral of his Hand!

The Altar gluts, and if not torn away,
Fleſh'd only, and unwilling to obey,
His other Hand h'ad thruſt into the Flame,
Freſh, when it fainted; Fierce, when it was Tame!
After ſo brave a Deed, invidious 'twere,
To ſearch his Life, or Stock, or to impair
His Fame, by urging what he was before.
That he has done 's enough, I need no more.

Ep. 31. *On* Dento.

Thou know'ſt not, *Dento*, what thou doſt give (leave
To Men, of thee pleaſantly to conceive:
Who begg'ſt that * Grace, as ſoon as thou art wed,
Which ſhould be giv'n thee from the Marri'ge Bed.
But with Requeſts, to tire the Prince, forbear,
And to thy long-left Wife and Home repair;
Who, while at *Rome* th'art ſuing on the Score
Of having Three Sons, will have brought thee Four.

* *The Benefit given to ſuch as had Three Children, which the Emperor ſometimes in favour gave to thoſe that had none.*

Ep. 35. *On an Evil Couple.*

When you ſo well agree in courſe of Life,
The vileſt Husband, and the vileſt Wife,
'Tis ſtrange, that ever you ſhould live in Strife.

Ep. 40. *To* Priapus.

Priapus, (not my Vines or Fruit to ſave,
But a thin Wood) thy Patronage I crave;
From whence thou cam'ſt, & may'ſt a new be made.
Let me adviſe thee, ſpoil the Stealers Trade,
And for the Owners Fire reſerve the Stock,
If that ſhall fail, thy ſelf art but a Block.

Ep. 46. *On a Chaſt Boy.*

How great's thy Virtue, and thy Form how rare!
Theſeus Chaſt Son cannot with thee compare.
For all the Glory of her Virgin Name,
To bathe with thee, *Diana* would not ſhame.

And

And whom, might *Cybele* alone enjoy,
She would prefer before her *Phrygian* Boy.
Ganymede's Place didſt thou to *Jove* ſupply,
Juno thou wouldſt redeem from Jealouſy.
Happy's the Maid, ſhall thy ſoft Breaſt enflame,
And give thee firſt a Man's and Husband's Name.

Ep. 56. *To* Flaccus.

When former Ages Glory ſtoops to ours,
And *Rome* is greater with her Emperors,
That *Maro*'s Sacred Wit is no where found,
And none ſo deep the Trump of War does ſound,
Thou wonder'ſt, *Flaccus*: Whereas do but grant
Mecenas's, and thou'lt not *Maro*'s want:
Nay, if thy Farm alone thou wilt beſtow,
The World ſhall to thee for a *Virgil* owe.
The Lands which near to ſack'd *Cremona* lay,
The Soldier ſhar'd, and drove the Flocks away:
**Tityrus*, alas, involved in the Wrong, **Virgil.*
Wept forth his Loſſes in a feeble Song.

The * *Tuſcan* Knight ſmil'd, when his Fortune frown'd,
And all the Poets Care in Plenty drown'd.
Malignant Want, Parent of Mean Conceit,
(He, God-like, cry'd) *Make hence thy ſwift Retreat,*
And take thou Wealth, and beſt of Poets be,
'Bove what the World e're ſaw, or e're ſhall ſee.
My fair Alexis *too, (you underſtand)*
Without a Rival is at your Command.

The lovely Boy, at his new Maſter's board,
With ſnowy Hands the black † *Falernum* pour'd;
So bright a Fountain, and ſo rich a Stream,
Was never Poet's Love, or Poet's Theme!
Then with his Roſie Lips he took the Say,
Had *Jove* look'd on, h'ad ſnatch'd the Boy away.

Straight from th'aſtoniſh'd Poet's raviſh'd Heart,
All former Thoughts of his low Rural Art
Quite vaniſh'd, ev'ry courſe Rude-ſpun *Idea*,
His Sun-burn't *Theſtilis* and *Galatea*;
And in his lofty high-inſpir'd Mind
Bright Schemes of War, Hero's, and Nations, ſhin'd:

* *Mecenas.* † *A rich Wine.*

Who

Who late a *Gnat* could ſcarcely well inhearſe,
In the weak Numbers of his Ill-wrought Verſe.
He drank Heroick Phancy with his Wine,
Riches and Love turn'd all his Thoughts Divine.
What boots it me to count th'enriched Store
Of Noble Poets? *Marſus*, *Varus*, more?
Whoſe Names, a Burden 'twere, but to repeat.
Thou askeſt then. If Me thou alſo treat
Mecena's way, ſhould'ſt thou a *Virgil* ſee?
If not a *Virgil*, I'l a * *Marſus* be.

* *That is, equal the beſt Epigrammatiſt.*

Ep. 58. *To* Cæſar.

Thô thou great Gifts haſt giv'n, & wilt give more;
Victor of Kings, and thine own Deeds before;
Thou art not lov'd, 'cauſe thy Rewards are free,
But thy Rewards are lov'd, *Cæſar*, for thee.

Ep. 59. *On an One-ey'd Thief.*

Se'ſt him, who ſhifts ſo well with his one Eye,
Under whoſe bold and brazen Brow does lye
The others gaping Socket? The Man forbear
To ſcorn, there no where lives a *Snap* ſo rare.
Autolycus's Fingers never were
Such Lime-twigs, nor might they with his compare.
If he's your Gueſt, cautious you'd need to be,
For then he lays about him, and does ſee
With both his Eyes: And let the Waiters watch
With ne're ſuch Circumſpection, yet he'l catch
A Cup, a Spoon, e're th'are aware entrap
The vagrant Napkins, hoarding all in's Lap:
If from the Back a Cloak a little ſtray,
'Tis his, and double Cloak'd he goes away.
The Lacquies Flamboes, tho on a light flame,
He dares attempt, nor fears he to be ta'en.
And if he lights upon no other Prey,
He'l chowſe his Boy, and ſteal's own Shoos away.

Ep.

Ep. 69. On Vacerra.

Vacerra does the Ancients only praiſe,
hinks Poets dead alone deſerve the Bays.
orgive me, wiſe *Vacerra*, if that I
o have thy Praiſe, do make no haſte to dye.

Ep. 76. On Gallicus.

Speak the Truth, *Martial*; of all Love, he told;
here's nothing I ſo gladly would be told.
o, *Gallicus*, thou urgently doſt ſay,
When thou recit'ſt thy Books, and on the Day
hou publickly haſt pleaded at the Bar.
Tis hard to hide, what thou doſt preſs ſo far.
hen, *Gallicus*, if thou the Truth would'ſt hear,
here's nothing, like the Truth, that thou doſt fear.

Ep. 79. On Fabulla.

All thy Companions aged Beldams are,
Or more deform'd, than Age makes any, far:

Theſe Cattel at thy heels thou trail'ſt always
To publick Walks, to Suppers, and to Plays.
'Cauſe when with ſuch alone we thee compare,
Thou canſt be ſaid, *Fabulla*, Young or Fair.

Ep. 81. *On* Gellia.

In *Gellia*'s Vows no God or Goddeſs ſhare,
She by their Names, nor Sacred Rites, does ſwear,
But by her Pearls, which do ſo rarely pair.
Theſe ſhe does hug and kiſs, and often call
Her Brothers and her Siſters, ev'n *her All*;
Her deareſt Children rates them far above,
And to them ſhews a much more ardent Love:
And ſhou'd the *Wretch* by any Chance theſe loſe,
To live a Minute longer ſhe'd refuſe.
Oh, for a dext'rous Cheat what would I give!
To 'reave a Life, ſo ill deſerves to live.

LIB. IX.

Ep. 6. *On* Paulla.

THat, *Paulla*, thou would'ſt *Priſcus* wed, th'art wiſe;
And he's no Fool, that he does thee deſpiſe.

Ep. 9. *To* Bithinicus.

Fabius, (to whom thy Preſents yearly brought ſix thouſand) as I hear, has left thee nought. Complain not; he has bequeath'd more to none: ſix thouſand's left thee yearly of thine own.

Ep. 11. *On Canthaus.*

When, *Canth'rus*, th'art a Slave to others Meat,
Men with Reproofs and Railings doſt thou treat?
Forbear the ſharpneſs of a Mind that's Free.
Cynick and Glutton both thou canſt not be.

Ep. 15. *On a Paraſite.*

He on thy Cheer and Table does attend,
Can'ſt thou believe to be a Faithful Friend?
The Boar, the Mullet, Souce, he loves, not thee;
If I as richly far'd, my Friend he'd be.

Ep. 26. *On* Afer.

If we thy Maid, preſenting Wine, behold,
Thy muddy Looks thy Jealouſie unfold.
What is the Crime on a fair Face to look,
When this the Stars, the Sun, the Gods do brook?
Muſt we avert our Eyes, if Beauty ſhine,
As if a Gorgon skink't to us the Wine?

Stern was *Alcides*, yet he did permit
Hylas to open View: No Jealous Fit
Poſſeſſes *Jove*, or does his Peace annoy,
When *Mercury* with *Ganymed* does toy.
If thou wouldſt, none thy Beauteous Maid ſhould ſee,
Thy Gueſts muſt * *Oedipus* and * *Phinea's* be.

* *Blind Men.*

Ep. 31. *On* Nigrina.

Antiſtus fell in *Aſia*'s cruel Clime,
Which Land does bear the Odium of this Crime.
His Bones *Nigrina* in her Boſom brought,
And the dear Burden made the Way ſeem ſhort:
Which when within the Envy'd Tomb ſhe laid,
She appear'd twice to be a Widow made.

Ep. 44. *On the Statue of* Hercules.

He, with the Lion's Skin beneath him ſpread
On the hard Stone, to make a ſofter Bed,
Whoſe left hand holds a Club, whoſe right a Cup,
Supine the Poſture, Face to Heav'n caſt up,

To

To Heav'n himſelf once bore; is, tho you ſee
In Figure ſmall, a Mighty Deity!
No modern Maſter glories in this Piece,
It boaſts *Lyſippus* hand, and Art of *Greece*.
Firſt, *Alexander*'s Board the God did ſhew,
By whom, while Young, the World he did ſubdu
Upon his Altar too, while yet a Boy,
The **Carthaginian* vow'd *Rome* to deſtroy; *Han
Sylla, at his Command, the Empire eas'd
Of his own bloody Reign. At length diſpleas'd
Wi'th' Pride of various Courts, he choſe to be
A private Man's domeſtick Deity:
And as he once was Gueſt to th' *Nemean* Swain,
Learn'd *Vindex* God hereafter to remain.

Ep. 48.

Thy Words the deep recondite Lore reſound
Of *Plato*, *Zeno*, what's ſevereſt found;
'Mong thoſe whoſe horrid Images affect
To doom all Vice, by their auſtere Aſpect;

Speak thee *Pythag'ras* Succeſſor and Heir,
Nor 'bates thou him in Buſh of Beard an Hair.
Th'aſt yet, what's ſhameful, and ſhou'd ne're be ſaid
A wanton Groin to this thy awful Head.
Say thou, who th'Axioms of all Sects doſt know;
Whoſe *Dogma* 'tis, The Scars of Luſt to ſhow.

Ep. 51. *On* Gaurus.

Thou prov'ſt my Wit, *Gaurus*, but ſmall to be,
Becauſe my Pieces pleaſe through Brevity.
But thou, who can'ſt the *Trojan* War enlarge
With various Fights, till twenty Books thou charge,
Art a great Man. My Poem's ſmart and curt,
Thine is a Giant, but 'tis one of Dirt.

Ep. 82. *To* Flaccus.

I'th'Feaſt, in wch Friends do their Friends preſent,
While I to *Stella*, and thee, *Flaccus*, meant,
My Gifts to ſend; a num'rous throng of Friends,
And each of which to the firſt place pretends,

Beſet me. Two t'oblige I did deſign,
But dang'rous 'tis, ſo many to decline,
And more, by coſtly Gifts, to make them mine.
No way to free my ſelf, but this, I ſee,
To *Stella* nought to ſend, nor, *Flaccus*, yet to thee.

Ep. 57. *On* Hylas.

To *Africk*, *Hylas*, our Lord's Shield does bear,
Cupid, do thou the Lad fit Arms prepare,
Such as with wch thou ſofteſt Breaſts doſt wound,
Yet in his Hand let a light Spear be found;
But Shield and Helm far from him ſee thou throw,
Into the Fight he'l ſafelier Naked go.
No Sword or Dart *Parthenopeus* harm'd,
While the fair Boy did range the Field unarm'd.
Whoever's ſtruck by thee, ſhall dye with Love,
And happy's he, that ſuch a Fate may prove.
Return while young, and while thy Beauty's bright.
And grow a Man in *Rome*'s, not *Lybia*'s, ſight.

Ep. 60. *On* Mamurra.

Mamurra many Hours does Vagrant tell
I'th' Shops, where *Rome* her richeſt Ware does ſell:
Beholds fair Boys, devours them with his Eyes,
Not thoſe of Common Note, one firſt eſpies;
But which in Inner Rooms they cloſely mew,
Remov'd from mine, and from the People's view:
Glutted with theſe, choice Tables he uncaſes,
Others of Ivory, ſet high, diſplaces.
Rich Tortois Beds he meaſures four times o're,
Sighs, they fit not, and leaves them on that ſcore.
Conſults the Statues of *Corinthian* Braſs
By the Scent; and not without blame lets paſs
Thy Pieces, *Polyclet*. He next complains
Of Chryſtals mix'd with Glaſs, and them diſdains:
Marks Porce'lan Cups, ſets ten of them apart:
Weighs Antick Plate (of *Mentor*'s Noble Art,
If any be) counts, i'th' Enamell'd Gold,
The Gems that ſtand, Rich Pendants does behold:

For the Sardonix makes a ſearch moſt nice,
And of the biggeſt Jaſpers beats the Price.
Tir'd now at laſt, after eleven Hours ſtay,
Two Farthing Pots he bought, and bore away.

Ep. 69. On a Schoolmaſter.

Deſpiteful Pedant, why doſt me purſue,
Thou hated Head by all the younger Crew?
Before the Cock proclaims the Day is near,
Thy direful Threats and Laſhes pierce mine Ear;
The Anvil rings not out a ſhriller ſound,
When maſſy Hammers the hot Irons pound;
Statues of Braſs with leſſer Din are made,
Than thou doſt carry on the Grammar Trade;
Shouts in the Race and Theatre are leſs,
When Factions for their Party's Zeal expreſs.
Whole Nights, I ask not, in Repoſe to keep,
To Wake's not grievous, but 'tis, ne're to Sleep.
Will't leave thy School, thy bawling Lectures ceaſe?
Thy Gain ſhall greater be, To hold thy Peace.

Ep. 71. *On* Cecilianus.

O Times! O Manners! Tully did declame,
When *Cat'line* put the State into a flame:
When Son and Father furious Arms did take,
And the whole World one Scene of Bloud did make.
Why now, *O Times! O Manners!* doſt thou cry?
What is't, *Severe One*, that thou doſt diſcry?
No Wars we hear, no Treaſons hateful Sound,
But Joy and Peace circle the Empire round.
'Tis not our Vices makes thee loath the Times,
But, *Cecilianus*, thine own Secret Crimes.

Ep. 74. *On a Cobler.*

A Cobler wont the putrid Soles to retch
Of dirty Shoos, and with his Teeth to ſtretch:
Now of his Patron's Lordſhip is poſſeſs't,
Where had he but a Stall, one would deteſt. (turns,
Drunk, he bright Chryſtals, with rich Wine, o're-
With his Lord's Paramour in Dalliance burns.

My Simple Parents taught to me the while
Babling Letters, to know a Verſe, and Style.
Gag thy Pen, *Muſe*, and thy Books tare them all;
When ſuch a *Fortune*'s purchas'd by the *Awl*.

Ep. 78. *On* Priſcus.

Priſcus with Art in many Leaves diſputes,
What Requiſites a Sumptuous Feaſt beſt ſuits;
Many ſublime and witty Things he brings,
All from a Learn'd and Noble Art which ſprings.
What makes a Feaſt, ſhall I in one Line ſay?
Abſence of Scurrilous Jeſts, and Fidlers Play.

Ep. 82. *To* Avitus.

Reader and Hearer both my Books delight:
But there's a Poet ſays, They are not right.
I weigh it not: No more than they make Feaſts,
Study to pleaſe the Cook's Taſte, but the Gueſts.

Ep. 83. *On* Munna.

That thou ſhould'ſt *Periſh Early*, 'twas foretold.
And the Prediction, methinks, well does hold:
For while thou mad'ſt much haſt to ſpend thy 'State,
That nothing might remain after thy Fate,
But in one Year, five Thouſand threw'ſt away.
Didſt thou not *Periſh Early*, *Munna?* Say.

Ep. 84. *To* Cæſar.

Among the many Wonders of the Stage,
With which thou haſt adorn'd the preſent Age
'Bove former Princes, *Cæſar:* As we owe
Much for the Coſt and Gallantry of Show,
Nothing does yet advance thy Glory more,
Than that the Nobles now, however Poor,
Spectators ſit, that Players were before.

Ep. 89. *To* Rufus.

You firſt to gain me, many Gifts did ſend,
But when once gain'd, all Gifts you did ſuſpend.
To hold the Prey, you muſt ſtill Baits ſupply.
The ill-fed Boar from th'empty Trough will fly.

Ep. 93. *On* Caius.

Thou thy Lord's Evils, nor own Good, doſt know,
Who ſo bewail'ſt thy State, becauſe 'tis low.
On thy torn Mattreſs thou ſound Sleeps doſt take,
While *Caius* upon Down whole Nights doth wake;
Caius to many Lords performs e're Day
Duties, which to thy One thou doſt not pay;
Caius, *diſcharge thy Debt, in Court appear,*
Says *Phœbus*: Thou no ſuch harſh Words doſt hear;
Thou feel'ſt the Laſh, Him leſs the Gout does ſpare,
And to change Griefs, a thouſand Stripes would bear;
Foul Vices *Caius* brand, and hourly tempt,
From which thy low Condition is exempt.

Better

Better it is thy ſelf a Slave to ſee,
Than many rich, lewd *Caius's* to be.

Ep. 95. *On a Phyſician.*

My Doctor for a Wormwood Draught,(O ſtrange!)
Demands of me *Frontiniac* in exchange.
Glaucus I never took for ſuch an Aſs,
Who truck'd away his Golden Arms for Braſs.
Did any Sweet for Bitter ask before?
Well, take 't; ſo thou wilt mix with't *Hellebore.

*Confeſs, thou art Mad.

Ep. 97. *On a Quack.*

A Quack attempting late to ſteal away
His Patient's Cup, and taken in the Play.
Why 'gainſt my Orders doſt thou drink? Did ſay.

Ep. 102. *On* Baſſus.

For three Drachma's wch thou offer'ſt to expend,
Thou requir'ſt gown'd, I early thee attend,

Make

Make up thy Train, and trot before thy Chair,
When thou Old Ladies court'ſt to be their Heir.
My Gown is Thread-bare, mean, I not deny,
Yet ſuch I cannot for three Drachma's buy.

Ep. 104. *To* Phœbus.

My Bond made to thee for an hundred Pound,
Thou'lt give me up, for Thanks, my Debt compound
Kinder thou'lt be, to lend me fifty more,
To ſhew thy Bounty to me on this ſcore.
And elſewhere place the other Gift of thine;
What I can never Pay, 's already mine.

LIB. X.

Ep. 1. *The Book to the Reader.*

IF I too large, *Reader*, appear to thee,
But little read, and I ſhall little be:
Oft in each Page I end: Then, for thy Eaſe,
Make me as long, or ſhort, as thou doſt pleaſe.

Ep. 2. *To the Reader.*

This my *Tenth Book* gone forth, I did remand,
Having too haſtily eſcap'd my hand:
Some things thou'lt find, *Reader*, that were before,
But more correct, with much that's added more;

Favour

Favour both Pains. *Reader*, my Wealth thou art,
And *Rome* could nought, like thee, ſo Rich impart.
By Praiſe, ſaid ſhe, thou ſhalt be kept alive,
And after Death, thy *Nobler Part* ſurvive.
Wild Shrubs *Meſſalan* Marbles pierce and cleave,
And Ruſticks mock th' Half-Images they leave.
Books fear not Age, nor at Times mercy lye,
Theſe Monuments, alone, do never dye.

Ep. 4. *To* Mamurra.

Who Tales of *Colchos*, *Scylla*, *Tereus*, read,
What do they, but their Minds with Monſters feed?
For what are *Atys*, *Hylas*, Rapes to thee?
Endymion's Sleep, from *Cynthia*'s Charms, ne're free?
The Boy that in himſelf took ſuch delight?
Ic'rus's lofty unadviſed Flight?
What is there, in theſe wretched Lyes, to pleaſe?
Read that may ſhew thee, what's thy Mind's Diſeaſe,
No *Gorgons*, *Centaurs*, *Harpies*, ſtuff my Pen,
My Pages reliſh of the Acts of Men.

Mamurra, if thy ſelf thou fear'ſt to know,
On *Callimachus*'s Dreams thy Time beſtow.

Ep. 8. *On* Paula.

Paula me oft to marry her does pray;
But ſhe's ſo old, I cannot her obey;
Yet were ſhe older, I'd not ſay her nay.

Ep. 9. *On Himſelf.*

Why doſt thou envy *Martial*'s being known
For his ſmart Verſe, abuſive yet to none?
That *Rome*, the Provinces extol his Name?
Veler, the Race Horſe, has a louder Fame.

Ep. 10. *To* Paulus.

When thou of Cons'lar Rank think'ſt it no ſcorn
An hundred to ſalute by early Morn;
What Office, *Paulus*, leav'ſt thou unto me,
And *to Rome's* num'rous Throng of low Degree?

Who

Who ſtoops himſelf, ſhall I call Lord and King?
Crutch to one acts the fawning Underling?
Shall I attend his Chair, who does not ſhun
Others to bear, through thick and thin to run?
To praiſe Men's Verſe what boots it oft to riſe,
When thou to ſhew Applauſe, doſt not deſpiſe.
Always to ſtand, with hands ſtretch'd to the Skies,
What ſhall mean Men do, Clients when no more
If thoſe are Great ſhare Duties with the Poor?

Ep. II. *On* Calliodorus.

Of *Theſeus* and *Perithous* thou doſt prate,
And dar'ſt thy ſelf, with *Pylades*, to mate.
May I not live, if *Pylade's* Hogs to keep
Thou doſt deſerve, or *Theſeus* Stable ſweep.
Yet a round Sum, thou ſay'ſt, to name no more,
And ſev'ral Gowns I've given to Friends, were Poo
Mart.] But nought did *Pylades* to *Oreſtes* give,
But both, in Common, did in all things live.

Know that, thy narrow Soul ne're knew before,
Who gives, tho much, does yet deny much more.

Ep. 13. *On* Tucca.

When none, like thee, in Riches does o'reflow,
So much for Uſe, ſo much for Pride, can ſhow,
Such ſtately Houſes, built for ſtrange Delight
On the adjoyning Sea, which thou mak'ſt white,
When in the Waves, to bathe, thou doſt deſcend,
And Flouds of Perfumes, in the Flouds, doſt ſpend.
When *Venus* ſleeps not on a ſofter Bed,
Nor choicer Wines do ſteep God *Bacchus* head,
Than crown thy Cup, and ſparkle in thy Glaſs:
Yet thou, forlorn, whole Days and Nights doſt paſs
At a proud Strumpet's Gate, know'ſt Sighs and Fears
More than the Wretched, and doſt weep more Tears.
Why 'tis ſo Ill with thee, would'ſt have me tell?
Becauſe, fond *Tucca*, all things are ſo well.

Ep. 14. *On* Criſpus.

Thou ſayſt, 'mong all my Friends, there's not thy (Peer.
But how, that this is ſo, does it appear?
When I deſir'd to borrow fifty Pound,
Thou didſt refuſe, tho Gold did ſo abound,
Thy Cheſts could not contain it. When did'ſt ſend
A Preſent from thy Farm? Or yet pretend
T' impart a Piece of Plate? Or to beſtow
A Gown, to guard me from the Froſt and Snow?
I cannot ſee in what my Friend thou art,
But that, before me, thou doſt freely ſ——

Ep. 16. *To* Caius.

If Promiſes, for Gifts, thou doſt account,
See, *Caius*, how in Gifts I thee ſurmount.
Take all the Gold delv'd in *Aſturian* Fields,
The Wealthy Sand the Strand of *Tagus* yields,
What e're the *Indians* find of Yellow Oar,
The Spices which the Phœnix Neſt do ſtore.

Tyre's richeſt Purple, All that All Men have,
I gave you, *Calus*, juſt as you me gave.

Ep. 18. *On* Marius.

Marius nor Treats, nor yet does Preſents ſend;
Surety will be for none, to none will lend;
Crowds yet of Clients courts this worthleſs Lord!
O *Rome*, what Fools do thy long Gowns afford!

Ep. 19. *To* Pliny.

My Book not learn'd enough, enough ſevere,
But yet not Rude, to ſweet-tongu'd *Pliny* bear,
Sportive *Thalia*. The *Saburran* way
Paſs'd, with ſhort labour the next Hill you may
Aſcend: From whence, thou (*Orpheus* ſet on high,
Drench'd by the Theatre) plainly ſhalt deſcry
The wond'ring Beaſts, the King of Birds and Air,
Which the young *Phrygian* to the Thunder bear:
There thy Friend *Pedo*'s Houſe ſtands alſo by,
Shewing a leſſer Eagle carv'd on high.

Ep. 27. *On* Diadorus.

The Senate did thy Birth-Day celebrate,
Many Knights alſo at thy Table ſate:
Largeſs thou gav'ſt; yet ſtill th'art all Men's Scorn,
None will believe, that ever thou wert * Born.

* *Abaſe uppſtart Perſon of an unknown Deſcent was ſtyl'd,* A Son of the Earth.

Ep. 30. *To* Apollinaris.

O Bay of *Formia*, temperate and fair!
Which, when *Apollinaris*, tir'd with Care,
Flies from the toylſom Buſineſs of the Town,
Than pleaſant *Tybur* holds in more Renown,
His chaſt Wife's Soil: Prefers to th' ſweet Receſs
Of *Tuſculane*, *Prænęſte*, *Lucrine*; leſs
Eſteems *Cajeta*, or what Men more admire,
Rais'd by their Fancy, or by Fiction, higher.
A gentle Air here glides o're *Thetis* Face,
Such as the Fans of Virgins make, to chace

Summer's ungrateful Heat. The Sea is ſmooth,
Not torpid dead, but a ſoft Gale does ſooth
The active Calm, and painted Gallies move.
For Fiſh you need not lanch into the Deep,
Theſe you may take, and yet your Chamber keep,
Out at your Window caſt your Line and Lead,
And draw the dangling Prey up to your Bed.
And when the Waves by Winter Winds are rife,
From your ſafe Board you may the Storm deſpiſe.
Gardens no leſs, and freſh Springs *Formia* grace,
Fountains are ſeen to flow in ev'ry place;
Fiſh-ponds the Stranger Trout and Mullet feed,
The home-bred Pike, being call'd, does come with ſpeed;
Fat Carps here know their Names, and to you make,
And all a paſs-time 'tis, no pains, to take.

But to the Owners when does *Rome* give leave,
But a few Days theſe Pleaſures to receive?
Ambition's loſt, while they to Buſineſs cleave.
Theſe Sweets, (O Hinds and Gardners, happy Crue!)
Were for your Lords prepar'd, but are enjoi'd by you.

Ep. 31. *On* Calliodorus.

Thy Servant thou for a Great Sum didſt ſell,
That but once, *Calli'dore*, thou might'ſt Fare well.
Nor far'dſt thou well: A Mullet of four Pound
Was the head Diſh, which the whole Table crown'd.
May we not, *Wretch*, exclaim 'gainſt this thy Treat?
Say, 'Twas a Man, not Fiſh, that thou didſt eat.

Ep. 33. *To* Munatius Gallus.

Munatius Gallus more ſincere by far
Than *Socrates*, or ancient *Sabins* were:
So may thy Wife's chaſt Love inflame thy Heart,
And from her Noble Stock may'ſt ne're depart;
If when Black Rhimes defame the Age, or Men,
And Malice would aſcribe them to my Pen,
Thou me acquit, and ſtoutly doſt contend,
That way none write, who Wit and Fame befriend.
I ever in my Book have had the Care,
The Vice I tax, the Perſons ſtill to ſpare.

Ep. 35. *On* Sulpicia.

All Virgins chaſte *Sulpicia* read,
Who but in one Love wiſh to ſpeed;
All Husbands chaſte *Sulpicia* read,
Who hold one Wife the happi'ſt Meed,
Medea's Rage ſhe does not write,
Thyeſtes horrid Feaſt recite;
Of *Scylla*, or of *Biblis*, tell,
What Transformations them befel:
Such Tales ſhe ſeeks not to retrieve,
Nor did ſhe ever them believe.
Her Verſe of Pious Love does treat,
Fraught with quick Wit, and choice Conceit.
Who rightly of her Poems deem,
Nothing more Sportive to them ſeem,
Or which more Holy they eſteem!
Such were the Joys, divine and ſweet,
When *Numa* did *Egeria* meet,

And him the Goddeſs did inſpire,
To inſtitute the *Veſtal* Fire.
Her School had ſhe been trained in,
Sappho more Chaſte and Learn'd had been.
Phaon, who Womankind did fly,
Could not *Sulpicia* Love deny;
Her Graces known, he muſt be ta'en,
And love her, thô he lov'd in vain.
For were ſhe from *Calenus* free,
Calenus the Beloved He,
Apollo's Wife, nor *Jove*'s, ſhe'd be.

Ep. 39. *On* Lesbia.

Old *Lesbia* ſwears, and to be borne would fain
Be thought in *Brutus* Days, or *Numa*'s Reign;
But lies in both: Her *Æra* we muſt fetch
From Elder Times, unto *Prometheus* ſtretch.
Who ſees her foul cadav'rous Face, will ſay,
Lo, the firſt Woman e're was made of Clay!

Ep. 43. *On* Philo.

Thy Seventh Wife, *Philo*, 's bury'd in thy Field.
No Land, than thine, a Richer Crop doth yield.

Ep. 69. *To* Q. Ovidius.

Quintus Ovidius now reſolv'd to ſee
The Northern *Britains*, and the Ocean Sea.
Charming *Nomentum* cannot him with-hold,
His Houſe and ſweet Repoſe, altho' he's Old.
All do thy Faith deſervedly commend,
Which, in contempt of Life, thou ſhew'ſt thy Friend,
While on his exil'd Steps thou doſt attend.
But tho' the Joys of Life thou thus delay,
Thy Thread of Life the *Parcæ* will not ſtay,
But rig'rouſly impute to thee each Day.
Return at length, and at thy Home remain;
Nor 'mong thy Friends, to count thy ſelf, diſdain.

Ep. 45. *On his Malignant Reader.*

If in my Books ought ſweet and gentle ſound,
Ought celebrating famous Acts is found,
Witleſs thou deem'ſt, a dry Bone valu'ſt more,
Than ſuch choice Morſels of the nobleſt Boar.
If Ranc'rous Spleen be thy belov'd Diſeaſe,
My Candid Vein will ne're thy Malice pleaſe.

Ep. 47. *To* Julius Martialis.

What our Lives render moſt at eaſe,
My deareſt *Martial*, they are theſe:
A 'State that's left, not got with Toyl;
A conſtant Fire, a fruitful Soyl;
A quiet Life, from Law-Suits free;
But ſeldom that the Gown doth ſee;
Ingenuous Strength, a Body ſound;
Prudent Plainneſs, Friends equal found;
An artleſs Board, with eaſie Fare;
A Night not Drunk, but free from Care;

A Bed not ſowre, and yet that's Chaſte;
Sound Sleep, that makes Night ſeem to haſte;
Nought elſe, but what thou art, to wiſh to be,
The laſt Hour not to fear, or preſs to ſee.

Ep. 49. *On* Cotta.

When rich *Opimian* Wine thy ſelf doſt quaff,
Turn th' Amethyſtin Glaſſes often off,
Thou vile *Sabinum* offer'ſt unto me,
And ſay'ſt, wilt drink in Gold? To ſhew th'art free.
Who cares (thy Sordid Nature to unfold,)
For Leaden Wine, thô in a Cup of Gold?

Ep. 51. *To* Fauſtinus.

Now that the Vernal Conſtellations chace
The Winter's Rage, and Earth renews her Face;
Now the Fields ſmile, and Trees freſh Verdures take,
And *Philomel* her charming 'Plaints does make;
What Days, what Joys, does *Rome* from thee withhold?
What Eaſe from City Toyl, not to be told?

O Woods! O Founts! O *Anxur*'s pleaſant Strand!
Where rolling Waves waſh o're the glitt'ring Sand,
Where ev'n from Bed you divers Waters ſee,
Here Boats on Rivers glide, there on the Sea.

But ſome will urge, You do not here behold
The Capitol, the Temples rich with Gold
Embelliſh'd, which in Gorgeouſneſs draw nigh,
The Heav'ns they repreſent, and with them vye;
Rome's auguſt Bathes, nor Theatres, are here,
Her Grandeur does not in the leaſt appear.

Before you, both Advantages, I lay,
And now, I fancy, I do hear you ſay,
As Men, when with Ill Wives they can't agree,
Rome, **Take what's thine, render what's mine to me.*

* Theſe were the form of Words uſed in Divorces.

Ep. 53. *An Epitaph on* Scorpus.

I am that *Scorpus*, Glory of the Race,
Rome's admir'd Joy, but Joy for a ſhort ſpace.
Among the Dead, *Fates* early me enroll'd,
Numb'ring my Conqueſts, they did think me old.

Ep. 57. *To* Sextus.

You 'd wont to ſend a Pound of Plate each year,
But half a Pound does now from you appear,
And that of Spice. I buy not Spice ſo dear.

Ep. 59. *On his Lazy and Nice Readers.*

If one ſole Epigram takes up a Page,
You turn it o're, and will not there engage;
Conſulting not its Worth, but your dear Eaſe;
And not what's Good, but what is Short, does pleaſe.
I ſerve a Feaſt with all the richeſt Fare
The Market yields; for Tarts you only care.
My Book's not fram'd ſuch liq'riſh Gueſts to treat,
But ſuch as Bread prefer, and ſolid Meat.

Ep. 61. *An Epitaph on* Erotion.

Erotion's early Ghoſt repoſeth here,
By Crime of *Fates* extinct in his Sixth Year.
Who after me is Owner of this Field,
Grudge not the Dead th'annual Rites to yield:
On all thou haſt, ſo may good Fortune ſhine,
And nought, beſide this Stone, be ſad that's thine.

Ep. 65. To Carmenion.

When thou doſt boaſt thy ſelf of *Corinth* free,
And none can this Pretence deny to thee;
Carmenion, unriddle by what Claim
Thou call'ſt me *Brother*, that was born in *Spain*:
So much do we reſemble one th'other,
That 'tis for Likeneſs thou may'ſt call me *Brother*?
Thou always comb'd and curl'd doſt trimly go,
My harſh unruly Hair no Laws will know;
Thy Skin with Ointment's ever ſoft and ſleek,
Mine is o'regrown with Briſtles rough and thick;
In Liſping Speech thou greatly doſt rejoyce,
My Daughter ſpeaks with a more Manly Voice;
A Dove more like an Eagle does appear,
Than thou to me; a Lion to a Deer.
The name of *Brother*, prithee, then let fall,
Unleſs thou would'ſt, I ſhould thee *Siſter* call.

Ep. 66. On Theopompus.

Who could ſo Cruel, who ſo Brutiſh be,
As for a Cook, *Theopomp*, to uſe thee?
Could any ſoil that Face ſo ſweetly Fair?
Condemn to Soot and Greaſe that lovely Hair?
None worthier with the Chriſtal Glaſs to ſtand,
And praiſe the Wine with his more Chriſtal Hand.

For

For ſuch a Fate, if beauteous Boys muſt look,
Next News we hear; *Jove* doats upon a Cook.

Ep. 70. *To* Potitus.

That ſcarce one Book I publiſh in a Year,
Potitus, ſloathful I to thee appear:
But more, that One I write, thou may'ſt admire,
Conſid'ring how much Time does, loſt, expire.
At early Morn I give, the Great, Good Day;
Next, to my own Affairs, ſome Time I pay;
To *Dian*'s Temple oft I'm made to ſpeed,
To witneſs to a Will, or ſign a Deed;
Then i'th' Courts of Law I'm forc'd to attend,
'Th' Worſhip of the Gods ſome Time to ſpend;
And when a Poet does his Works recite,
To give a Day, is held a thing but light;
Nor can I this deny to thoſe that Plead,
To thoſe on Rhet'rick, and on Grammar read;
Congratulate I muſt each Friend's Succeſs,
Thô I, on like account, ne're knew Addreſs;
Now harraſs'd out, at Even, 'tis time to think
Of my* *Days Hire*, to purchaſe Meat and Drink,
To tend my ſelf, towards the Bathes to look.
What Time is here, *Potitus*, for a Book?

* *Sportula.*

Ep. 74. *To* Rome.

Spare a tir'd Client, now at length, proud *Rome:*
How long muſt I ſubmit unto the Doom,
To trot among the Daggled-Uſhering-Train
Of poorer Gown-men, Leaden Coin to gain?
While **Scorpus*, in one Hour alone o'th' Day,
Whole Bags of radiant Gold can bear away?
I do not aſk the Merit of my Book,
For Flocks in rich *Apulian* Paſtures look;
For *Glebes* of *Nile*, or *Hybla*'s Honey Fields,
Or yet the Gen'rous Vines *Setinus* yields.
What is't, doſt then require, which me would pleaſe?
To ſleep my fill, and paſs my Days in Eaſe.

* *A Chariot-driver.*

Ep. 75. *On* Galla.

Galla, times paſt, ask'd me an hundred Pound:
And 'twas not much, where ſuch a Form was found.
After one Year, Fifty was her Demand:
Methought, ſhe now was at a dearer hand.

Some time laps'd: Says ſhe, Twenty you'l beſtow?
Ten I ſhall gladly: But ſhe anſwer'd, No.
Two or three Months, I know not w^ch, paſs'd more:
Then ſhe ask'd Nobles, and of them, but four,
And I refus'd. Well, ſend a hundred Pence:
But this ſeem'd then too much, and I went thence;
She next, my poor dry *Sportula* did crave.
Good truth, ſaid I, that to my Boy I gave.
Was 't poſſible, that ſhe ſhould lower go?
Yes: *Gratis* ſhe offer'd, and I ſaid, No.

Ep. 76. On Mevius.

Does this thing, *Fortune*, equal ſeem to thee,
That One not of a *Syrian* late ſet free,
Or from a Slave hoiſt to a Knight's Degree,
But of *Rome* born, of *Romulus* own Race,
Juſt, Friendly, Good, in Wit to none gives place,
Learn'd in both Tongues, whoſe Crime is only this,
(But 'tis a Great One) *He a Poet is*;
Should ſhiver in a Garment poor and old,
While a vile Jocky braniches it in Gold?

Ep. 80. *On* Eros.

Eros drops Tears, when e're he does behold,
Fair Jewels, Pictures, Antick Works of Gold;
Sighs from his Heart, that Home he cannot bear,
What e're the Shops expose of Glorious Ware.
How many do the same, but make no show?
Laugh at such Tears, and yet the same Grief know.

Ep. 89. *On the Statue of* Juno.

Thy *Juno*, *Polyclet*, (most matchless Piece!)
May well contest the proudest Hand of *Greece*.
Had but the Goddess shone with such a Grace
In *Ida*, both her Rivals had given place.
Thô his own *Juno*, *Jove* did nere approve,
Before his brightest Strumpets thine he'l love.

Ep. 96. *To* Avitus.

That I so often talk of Remote Lands,
My native *Salo* thirst, and *Tagus* sands;
The Plenty of a homely Farm desire;
And yet grow Old in *Rome*, thou dost admire.

That

That Place, *Avitus*, moſt does pleaſe, in which,
A little Wealth both Riots, and makes Rich.
The barren Field muſt here be ever fed,
Which there, Untill'd, will give the Owner Bread.
The Niggard Fire ſcarce warms the Chimny here,
The bounteous blaze, there ye whole houſe do's cheer.
Here Hunger's dear, the Shambles all confound,
Thy Table's loaden there from thine own Ground.
Four Gowns a Year are here conſum'd, and more,
There one will ſerve, to rub out the whole four.
Go then, the Great adore: What they deny,
Thy Field alone, *Avitus*, will ſupply.

Ep. 100. *To the Stealer of his Verſes.*

Why doſt thou mix my Verſes, Fool, with thine?
What has thy jarring Strain to do with mine?
Why doſt thou yoke the Lion, and the Aſs?
Seek to make Owls, for noble Eagles, paſs?
Had'ſt thou, *fond Sot*, ſwift *Ladas* Foot, for one,
The other Wood, in vain it were to run.

LIB. XI.

Ep. 4. To his Book.

NOT only thoſe at Eaſe my Verſes love,
And the more Civiliz'd my Muſe approve:
But the rough Soldier does my Leaves o'relook,
'Mong Snows and Martial Enſigns reads my Book.
The *Britains* too are ſaid, my Verſe to ſing.
But what does this unto my Coffers bring?
What living Numbers from my Quill would flow?
What Blaſts would my *Pierian* Trumpet blow?
If as *Auguſtus* now again does reign,
I alſo a *Mecenas* could obtain.

Ep. 6. In Praiſe of Nerva.

Thy love of Right and Juſtice, *Cæſar*, 's more,
Than *Numa*'s was, and *Numa* yet was poor.
'Tis rare, when Riches cannot taint the Mind,
In *Cræſus* Wealth, a *Numa*'s Soul to find.
If our old *Romans* of Renowned Name,
(Diſpens'd with in *Elizium*) hither came,
Camillus, thee t' obey, would think it free;
Fabricius would take Gold, if giv'n by thee;
In ſuch a King *Brutus* would take delight;
Sylla, to thee, reſign th' Imperial Right;
Cæſar and *Pompey*, private Men would live;
And *Craſſus* his lov'd Treaſure to thee give;
Cato himſelf, if *Fates* would ſet him free,
Return'd to Earth, *would a Cæſarean be.*

Ep. 14. An Epitaph on Paris *the Player.*

Who paſſes the *Flaminian* way,
At this Innobled Marble ſtay.

The City's Darling, *Egypt*'s Wit,
Who Art and Grace the beſt did hit,
And Mirth unto all Humours fit.
The Grief, the Glory, of *Rome*'s Stage,
The Love, the Beauty, of the Age,
Do here entomb'd with *Paris* lye,
And did with him together dye.

Ep. 28. *To* Flaccus.

Th'art Iron, *Flaccus*, if to ſuch a Dame,
Who begs vile Gifts, thou can'ſt keep up a Flame;
Cow-heels does ask, Tripes, Sprats, & Scraps of Fiſh,
And a whole Pompion, holds too much, to wiſh:
To whom her Maid, joyful to have got, does pour
Cheap Pulſe, which greedily ſhe does devour:
And when ſhe's bold, and will all ſhame depoſe,
Begs Yarn enough to knit a pair of Hoſe.

My Wench Perfumes exacts, both Rich and Rare,
Rubies and Pearls, and thoſe muſt alſo Pair;
Choice *Naples* Silk, with her, will only paſs,
An hundred Crowns in Gold, ſhe begs, like Braſs.

Give

Give I ſuch Gifts, doſt ſay, a Miſs to pleaſe?
No: But I'd have her Merit ſuch as theſe.

Ep. 30. *On an old wanton Lady.*

When with Careſſes thou would'ſt me excite,
All Virile Pow'r thou doſt extinguiſh quite:
For when thou call'ſt me *Love*, thy *Life*, and *Dear*,
The Surfeit I digeſt not in a Year.
Theſe were due Arts, when thou wert Young & Fair,
Thou doſt not know what Aged Toyings are.
I give thee, Martial, ſay, *Ten thouſand Pound*,
My Manor Houſe, with all the fertile Ground;
I give thee Jewels, Plate, whole Caves of Wine.
Theſe, without Love-Tricks, will to Love encline.

Ep. 33. *On* Neſtor.

When not a Pan of Coals, a rotten Bed,
A Mat thou haſt, whereon to lay thy Head,
A Coat, a Boy, a Child, a bare-bon'd Jade,
A Dog, a Diſh, towards the Beggars Trade:

Yet *Neſtor* thou affect'ſt, *Poor to be ſaid*,
And 'mong the People tax'd, and have a Head.
Th' aſpir'ſt in vain unto ſuch high Eſteem.
Who *Nothing* has, a *Rogue*, not *Poor*, we deem.

Ep. 35. *On* Aper.

I'th' Houſe th'aſt bought, none but an Owl will dwell,
So dark, ſo ſtreight, ſo ruinous the Cell.
But *Maro*'s ſplendid *Villa* is hard by,
Here trimly thou wilt eat, thô ſordid lye.

Ep. 36. *On* Fabullus.

When thou invit'ſt a Crowd, and Strangers all,
Wonder'ſt I come not alſo at thy Call?
A Crowd to me, and Solitude, are one,
And I, *Fabullus*, never Sup alone.

Ep. 38. *On* Zoilus.

Why *Zoilus* doſt thou bury, not enfold,
A Di'mond ſpark in a whole pound of Gold?
When late a Slave, this Ring thy Leg might wear,
But ſuch a Weight thy Finger cannot bear.

Ep. 45. *On one Old and Childiſh.*

Now th' art Childleſs, Rich, above meaſure Old,
The Love profeſs'd to thee, ſincere doſt hold?
True Love I have found. Yes, when Young and Poor;
Who love thee now, do love thy Death much more.

Ep. 53. *To Julius.*

Trimly to Sup, *Julius*, I thee invite:
If better be not offer'd, come to Night.
We'l bathe together, at Eight a Clock be here,
Nero's Baths to my Houſe, you know are near.
Melons, Figs, for an Ante-paſt, I'l ſerve,
With other Regalio's, are deem'd to have
The grateful Properties Health to preſerve,
And quicken Appetite. If y'ask, What more?
I'l lye, to make you come. Oyſters, Wild Boar,
Choice fatted Fowl ta'en from the Coop or Pens,
Thoſe nobler yet, that range the Woods and Fens
Such as ev'n *Stella* rarely does afford,
Tho altogether Princely is his Board.
I'l promiſe more. No Verſes I'l recite,
To hear yours read, I dedicate the Night,

Your *Giants War*; your *Art of Tilling Fields*,
Which not in Worth t'immortal *Virgil*'s yields.

Ep. 57. *On* Cheremon.

That Death thou ſo immod'rately doſt praiſe,
Thou hop'ſt in all Aſtoniſhment to raiſe.
This Courage a crack'd Pitcher does inſpire,
A Chimny cold, without a Spark of Fire;
A Couch, with Straw and Vermin, only dight,
A curtal thread-bare Coat, for Day and Night.
How *Great a Man* art thou, can'ſt bid farewel
To Brown-bread Cruſts, Wine-Lees, a naſty Cell?
Go to: Let now thy Bed be ſtrutting full
Of ſofteſt Down, thy Blankets ſcarlet Wool;
Let her, lye by thee, Graces ſo the Feaſts,
And more, than all the Wine, inflames the Gueſts.
Oh, how thou'dſt wiſh, thou might'ſt live *Neſtor*'s Years!
How ev'ry Minute loſt, thou'dſt count with Tears!
In a Poor State, their Lives, Men eas'ly give;
He's held the Braveſt then, that dares to live.

Ep. 58. *To* Severus.

That I invite, and Verſes to thee ſend,
Wonder'ſt, *Severus*, Rich and Learned Friend?
Jove, fated with *Ambroſia*, ſtill doth live;
Yet Wine and Frankincenſe to *Jove* we give.
If, with Abundance full, thou doſt reject,
Such as thou haſt, there's nought thou can'ſt accept.

Ep. 70. *On the Bitch* Lydia.

I trained was by Maſters of the Game,
I'th' Field no Hound more fierce, i'th' Houſe more tame;
Lydia my Name, my Owner's right Hand held,
Erigones Dog, not me, in Faith excell'd,
Nor *Lelaps* yet, for whoſe great Truth 'tis told,
By *Jove* among the Stars he was enroll'd.
Like **Argus* a long Life I did not ſpend **Ulyſſes Dog*
In Sloth, by uſeleſs Age brought to my End:
But the fierce Tuſks of an enraged Boar,
Like that of *Calydon*, my Entrails tore.
Nor of my early Death do I complain,
A nobler Fate I could no way ſuſtain.

Ep. 72. *On Leda.*

To her old Husband *Leda* made her moan,
That her Hysterick Fits were helpleſs grown:
And that her Life, no hope there was, to ſave,
Unleſs her Honour, for her Life, ſhe gave.
But Sighing then, and drown'd in Tears, ſhe ſaid
Than that way cur'd, 'twere better to be Dead.
The old Man begg'd, that ſhe her Life would ſpa
And of her youthful Years have tender Care:
Said, He'd give leave that others might ſupply,
What Age in him did in her help deny.
Straight young and able Doctors, *Leda* knew,
Were ſent for; and the Women all withdrew.
They laid her gently on her Bed, for cure.
Ah cruel Help, ſays ſhe, that I endure!

Ep. 77. *To* Petus.

To pay ten Pound I owe, you preſs me ſore,
'Cauſe other ways y'ave loſt two hundred more.
Let not the Crimes hurt me of other Men:
If thou can'ſt loſe two Hundred, pardon Ten.

Ep. 85. *On* Antiochus.

Who loves his Life, and ſeeks not yet to dye,
Antiochus, the Barber, let him fly.
The *Phryg'an* Prieſts not ſo remorſeleſs launce
The Fleſh, as he, in their inſpired Dance;
Surg'ons, their Patients, not ſo in Bloud embrue,
When from them Limbs, like Carpenters, they hew.
He's only fit to trim a Horſes Mane,
Or elſe ſome Stoick, who contemns all Pain.
Prometheus would chuſe the Rock, rather have
The Vulture gnaw his Heart, than feel him ſhave;
Pentheus would ſooner to *Agave* fly,
Orpheus to th' *Menades*, thô ſure to dye,
Than twice *Antiochus*'s Razor try.
The Scars you ſee upon my martyr'd Face,
Which worſe than Wrinkles of Old Age diſgrace,
Not one my froward Wife's curs'd Nails did tear,
But he whoſe Hands, leſs than his Irons, ſpare.
The Goat, of all the Creatures, is moſt wiſe,
Who wearing 's Beard, *Antiochus* does deſpiſe.

Ep. 87. *On* Parthenopeus.

To eaſe thy Throat,& thy rough Cough aſſwage,
Honey's preſcrib'd, 'gainſt its impetuous Rage,
Paſteels, Marchpanes, and all ſuch Knacks, whereby
Children are ſtill'd, when they do fiercely cry:
But yet theſe, day nor night, thy Cough appeaſe.
Haſt thou a Cold, or Liquoriſh Diſeaſe?

Ep. 92. *An Epitaph on* Canace.

Æolian Canace here entomb'd doth lye,
Who, in her early Flow'r of Age, did dye.
O Sad and Cruel Chance! Thy Tears reſtrain,
Of her Untimely Death we don't complain,
But what's more Tragick yet, our Eyes deplore;
The manner of her Death, than Death was more.
An horrid Çancer ſeiz'd her lovely Face,
Devour'd and poiſon'd all her youthful Grace,
Spar'd not her roſie Mouth, *Love*'s Seat of Bliſs
But eat the Lips, that raviſh'd with each Kiſs.
This dire Diſeaſe we juſtly curſe and blame,
That left but half her Face to th' Fun'ral Flame.
If with ſuch winged Speed Fate needs muſt come,
Why yet ſo barb'rous and ſevere the Doom?
Her charming Speech Death haſted to ſuſpend,
Leſt rigid Gods, mov'd by her Words, ſhould bend.

Ep. 93. *On* Zoilus.

Zoilus, he ly'd, who ſaid, Thou Vicious wert:
When not Vicious, but Vice it ſelf, thou art.

Ep. 94. *On* Theodore, *an ill Poet.*

Flames, *Theodore*'s Pierian Roofs, did ſeize.
Can this *Apollo*, this the *Muſes*, pleaſe?
O over-ſight of Gods! O dire Diſaſter!
To burn the harmleſs Houſe, and not the Maſter.

Ep. 99. *To* Baſſus.

Thoſe *Kiſs* in *Rome*, no means there is to ſhun,
They meet you, ſtop you, after you they run,
Preſs you before, behind, to each Side cleave,
No Place, no Time, no Men, exempted leave;
A dropping Noſe, ſalv'd Lips, can none Reprieve,
Gangrenes, foul running Sores, any relieve;
They kiſs thoſe Sweat, & thoſe that ſhake with Cold,
Lovers, their Miſtreſs laſt Kiſs, cannot hold;
A Chair is no Defence, with Curtains guarded,
With Door and Windows ſhut, and cloſely warded,
The *Kiſſers*, through a Chink, will find a way,
Preſume the Tribune, Conſul's ſelf to ſtay;
Nor can the awful Rods, or Lictor's Mace,
His *ſtounding* Voice away the Kiſſers chace,

But

But they'l aſcend the *Roſtra*, Curule Chair,
The Judges kiſs, while they give Sentence there.
Thoſe Laugh they kiſs, and thoſe that Sigh & Weep;
Thoſe that do Yawn, and thoſe that are aſleep;
Thoſe who do bathe, and recreate at the Pool,
Who are withdrawn, to eaſe themſelves at Stool.
Againſt this Plague, I know no Fence, but this;
Make him thy Friend, whom thou abhorr'ſt to kiſs.

Ep. 103. *On* Lydia.

He ly'd not, *Lydia*, who pronounc'd thee Fair.
For Fleſh and Bloud, none may with thee compare.
This is moſt true, while thou doſt Silent ſtand,
Like ſome Rare Piece of a Great Maſter's Hand.
But when thou ſpeak'ſt, ev'n ſuch thy Beauty's gon,
And their own Tongue none ever ſo did wrong.
Let not the *Ædile* hear thee Silence break:
It is a Portent, if an Image ſpeak.

LIB. XII.

Ep. 4. *To* Priſcus.

AS fam'd *Mecenas* ſprung of Kingly Race,
Did *Horace*, *Varius*, mighty *Maro*, grace:
My Verſe and endleſs Time, *Priſcus*, ſhall thee
No leſs my Gen'rous Patron ſpeak to be.
Wit, and the Name I have, thou giveſt both,
Whoſe Bounty does maintain my learned Sloth.

Ep. 6. *On* Nerva.

Now God's mild *Nerva* to the Empire give,
Unto the *Muſes* we may wholly live.
Clemency, wary Pow'r, and Faith upright,
Poſſeſs the Throne, and put all Fear to flight.

Thus pray the Nations, *Rome*, and Pious Throng,
Their Prince may ſtill be ſuch, and this Prince long.
Enlarge thoſe Virtues we ſo rare do ſee,
Which *Numa*'s, or elſe *Cato*'s pleas'd might be.
Beſtow, enrich, the poor Man's Stock extend,
What God's ſcarce give, let thy free Bounty ſend.
'Tis lawful now, and ſafe; but then thou durſt,
Ev'n in a wicked Reign and Age, be Juſt.

Ep. 10. *On* Africanus.

African Millions has, and yet does groan,
Fortune can give too much, enough to none.

Ep. 13. *To* Auctus.

To make a Gain of Anger, rich Men know.
'Tis cheaper to be Angry, than beſtow.

Ep. 17. *On* Lentinus.

Lentinus, that thy Feaver does remain
So many Days, thou ſadly doſt complain.
It bathes with thee, 'tis carry'd in thy Chair,
Eats Oyſters with thee, Muſhrooms, Veniſon, Hare;
And

And drunk with nobleſt Wines 'tis often made,
Nor do theſe pleaſe, if not with Snow allay'd;
With Roſes crown'd, it ſumptuouſly does feaſt,
And in a purple downy Bed takes reſt.
While it with thee does fare ſo rich and well,
Think'ſt thou, with poor ſtarv'd *Dama* it will dwell?

Ep. 21. *On* Marcella.

Who can, *Marcella*, thee ſuppoſe to be
Of *Spaniſh* Birth, and our rough *Salo* free?
So Choice, ſo ſweetly Grac'd, that at firſt ſight,
The *Palate* challenge may in thee a Right.
Not one in the *Sabaina* can compare
With thee, or who boaſts yet a courtlier Air.
Were other Beauties from the Nations ſought,
None would a *Latian* Dame, like thee, be thought.
Thou mak'ſt the City's loſs eaſie to be:
For thou alone art *Rome*, and more to me.

Ep. 25. *On* Theleſinus.

Money, without Pawn, th'aſt none; but at hand,
For Security I'll gage my Land.

What thou'lt not truſt to me, thy ancient Friend,
To Trees and Mole-hills th'art content to lend.
Lo, the Delator, Wretch, impeaches thee,
Call now unto thy Patronage a Tree:
Exil'd, thou want'ſt a Friend with thee to go,
Can'ſt make a Field Companion of thy Woe?

Ep. 26. On an Unjuſt Friend.

'Cauſe thou, at early Morn, the Great does ſee,
And tread their Courts, thy ſelf of Lords Degree,
I, but a Knight, ſeem ſlothful unto thee,
That, at firſt Day, abroad I do not roam,
To bring, when tir'd, a thouſand Kiſſes home.
What thou doſt do, 's a Conſulſhip to gain,
Or elſe ſome wealthy Province to obtain.
I whom, to break my Sleep, thou doſt require,
And patiently to brook the Mornings Mire,
What get I, when my Toes break out a Door
Thrô my torn Shoo, and Clouds fierce Show'rs down pour,
And not a Servant have, dry Clothes to bring,
But while benum'd & drown'd you may me wring.

Letorius ſends to call me to a Treat?
Be 't ne're ſo Rich, 'twere better never eat.
A Province is thy Lot, a Meal is mine,
My Toyl's the ſame, but not my Gain, with thine.

Ep. 32. *On* Vacerra.

O Jeſt and Shame of ſuch as Houſholds move,
When *July* comes, and do new Dwellings prove!
I ſaw thy Stuff, *Vacer*, thy Stuff I ſaw,
Which, for thy Rent, not ſeized on by Law,
Thy Landlord rather glad, ſuch Traſh to ſpare,
Thy red-fac'd Wife, with ſev'n red Hairs, did bear,
Help'd by thy Giant Siſter, and thy Mother;
Men thought the Furies there were got together;
For ſuch their Number was, and ſuch their Faces,
As if from *Hell* th'adſt fetch'd *Pluto's three Graces.*
The *Irus* of thy Age, thou theſe didſt follow,
Thy Skin, like ſeaſon'd Box, all pale and yellow;
With Cold and Hunger, alſo dry'd and parch'd:
All Beggars-Buſh, the People thought, had march'd.
A two-legg'd Table, and a three-legg'd Bed,
There went, a Pan with Fire, on thine own Head.

A Sconce and Goblet all of maſſy Horn,
A Jordan, it ſelf piſſing, as 'twas born;
Stale Sprats and Pilchards could not be conceal'd,
Their obſcene Scent, their Preſence there reveal'd.
Nor did there want to go in State with theſe,
A Cantle of unſav'ry *Tholoſe* Cheeſe,
A Wiſp of Penyroyal, four Years old,
A Rope, which Onions had, but pick'd, and bald;
A Pot of Turpentine, thy Mother's Care,
The Brothel Dames, with ſuch, fetch off their Hair.
Why mock'ſt thou Landlords, and doſt Houſes ſee,
When *Gratis*, *Vacer*, may thy Dwelling be?
Such Pomp of Goods, ſuch Houſhold-Stuff pertains
To High-ways, Hedges, Bridges, and to Lanes.

Ep. 34. *To* Julius Martialis.

Thirty four Years, I take it, thou and I,
Julius, have kept each other company,
In which ſome Jarrs, with much content, did meet;
But yet the greateſt part was ever ſweet;

And ſhould I mark the Days with black and white
Stones, moſt would be the Number of the bright.
If in thy Life much Anguiſh thou'dſt avoid,
With griping Pangs not have thy Heart annoy'd,
Wed thy ſelf too much to the love of none,
Leſs thou wilt Joy, but leſs thou'lt alſo Groan.

Ep. 35. *On* Caliſtratus.

That thou may'ſt ſeem more freely to converſe,
Some paſt Venerial Crimes thou doſt confeſs:
But yet in this thou doſt not clearly deal,
Who tells ſuch Faults, yet foulər does conceal.

Ep. 36. *On* Labullus.

That none, but thou, does in theſe Days extend
A pinching Gift, unto a needy Friend,
Think not for this, th'art Noble. No? How then?
Only the *Beſt*, among the *Worſt of Men*.
In bounteous Acts the *Seneca's* reſtore,
The *Piſo's*, but then, thoſe of heretofore;
And 'mong the *Good*, thou'lt hold the *Loweſt Place*.
Would'ſt thou contend in ſwiftneſs of the Race?
Paſſerin, and fleet *Tiger*, then o'repaſs,
It is no Glory to out-run an Aſs.

Ep. 53. *To* Sparſus.

Why to the Country I ſo oft retire,
A rude and barren Farm, if you enquire?
The Town, no place for Reſt, or Thoughts, does leave
The Mean; School-boys i'th' Morn our Sleeps bereave,
The Bakers Mills at Night, and the whole Day
The Braziers and the Coyners Hammers play;
Hemp-beaters their dull Thumpings never ceaſe,
Nor *Mars*'s raving Prieſts e're hold their peace;
Pity, to move, the Wreck'd, forc'd Voices uſe,
As, by their Mothers taught, do begging *Jews*;
The loud Vociferations not to tell,
Of thoſe that Brooms and Brimſtone-matches ſell;
The clam'rous Factors of ſuch vile Ware,
Care to be heard, but not whoſe Ears they tare.
When that the Moon's eclips'd, you may as well
The Tinklings of the Pans and Kettles tell,
The Tintamars, when Witches her moleſt,
As count the various Dins the Town infeſt.

Sparſus, you know not this, nor can it know,
So much you to your Princely Mannor owe,
Which ſeated on a ſweet and pleaſant Plain,
Ev'n Solitude of Mountains does diſdain;
Where you the Country, in the Town, enjoy,
Vignerons, in the depth of *Rome*, employ;
Nor in *Campania* does the nobleſt Hill
Yield richer Wines, than thoſe your Veſſels fill.
What is there Uſeful or Delightful found,
But in your Lordly Precinct does abound?
Your profound Sleeps, trouble from nought, receive,
The Day is not admitted, without leave.
But wretched we, thoſe thrô the Streets that walk,
Awake, while they but only Laugh or Talk.
All *Rome* is by our Couch: When Reſt I'd take,
To Bed I go not, but a Journy make.

Ep. 54. *On* Zoilus.

Thy Eyes ſquint, Foot's ſhort, Beard's black, and (Hair's red,
'Tis ſtrange, if alſo Good, *Zoilus*, thou can'ſt be ſaid.

Ep. 56. *On* Polycarmus.

Th'art ten times ſick, or oft'ner, in a Year,
Which makes thy Friends, not thee, of a ſad Cheer;
Who, for thy new Health, ſtill new Gifts muſt ſend.
Sicken, for ſhame at laſt, and make an end.

Ep. 61. *On* Sabellus.

Upon thy Birth-day pale and ſad thou art,
For fear the Cooks ſhould fail to play their Part;
Or that the Ladies want Snow for their Wine,
Or rightly in the Glaſs it ſhould not ſhine;
Th'art moſtly from the Board, the Gueſts to cheer,
Or whiſper fond Excuſes in their Ear;
And find'ſt not, thou art Starv'd, (which is the Jeſt)
At thine own Splendid and Voluptuous Feaſt.
What Frenzy's this, of thine own Choice to do,
What ev'n a Slave would not ſubmit unto?
All elſe, but thee, partake the Day's Delight;
But thou doſt need, th'Invited thee invite.
Sit down, indulge thy Soul, the Gueſts all pray.
Is this thy Birth, or Execution, Day?

Ep. 62. *On* Ligurra.

Leſt my ne're Dying Verſe 'gainſt thee I bend,
Thou much, *Ligurra*, ſeem'ſt to apprehend;
And worthy of this Danger would'ſt appear:
In vain thou acteſt this Vain-glorious Fear.
Libyan Lions with fierce Bulls engage,
Spend not on Butterflies their Nobler Rage.
If thou'dſt be *Talk'd of*, which to thee is Fame,
From ſome Red-lattice Poet ſeek a Name.
Such who on Walls with Chalk and Charcoal write,
Fit Verſes to be read, by thoſe that Sh——
Thy Forehead is too baſe for me to brand,
I'l Stigmatize, by holding of my Hand.

Ep. 69. *To his Clients.*

For thy ſake, *early Client*, I did fly
The City; th' Ambitious with Viſits ply:
I am no Advocate, nor made for Strife,
But, old and ſlow, love a Poetick Life;
Seek Sleep and Leaſure, which great Towns deny,
And *here not found*, back unto Rome I'l hie.

Ep. 73. *On a Lawyer turn'd Farmer.*

Some Acres, and a Houſe ready to fall,
You purchas'd have, joyning the Tombs o'th' *Gall*;
Deſerted your rich Fields, the Courts of Law,
The certain Gains a tatter'd Gown did draw;
While yet a Pleader, Corn and Pulſe you ſold,
But buy all theſe, ſince you a Farm did hold.

Ep. 81. *To his Maid.*

I've giv'n you many things, on your deſire,
Much more than I agreed for in your Hire:
And yet you never ceaſe to ask me more.
Should I grant all, you would be thought my Whore.

Ep. 82. *On* Calliſtratus.

Thou praiſeſt All, to make thy Candor known:
But who All praiſes, truly praiſes None.

Ep. 92. *On* Maro.

Maro, for's aged Friend, ſorely oppreſs'd
With Sickneſs, thus in's hearing did proteſt.
If the Sick Man eſcapes the Shades below,
On Jove a thankful Off'ring I'll beſtow.
Good hopes, from thence, the Doctors' gan to have,
Maro new Vows now makes, his ſuit to ſave.

Ep. 94. *To* Priſcus.

What Man I'd be, thou often doſt demand,
Were I made Rich and Potent out of hand?
Think'ſt Men foreknow their Minds in ev'ry State:
What Lion then, wert one, would'ſt be? Relate.

Ep. 100. *He wiſhes* Junſt. Rufus *an Happy Government.*

Betis, with Olive Garlands, deck thy Hair,
Who makes the Flock all Golden Fleeces bear,
To *Bacchus*, *Pallas*, and to *Neptune* dear,
For Wine, for Oyl, for Traffick without Peer.
May *Rufus*, in his Charge, ſucceſsful be,
His Year, like that is paſs'd, be lov'd by thee.
That *Macer* he ſucceeds, he's well aware,
Who knows his Burden, beſt the Weight can bear.

Ep. 102. *To* Mattus.

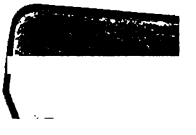
Who, when thou knock'ſt, denies at Home to be,
Says this, I am not now at Home to thee.

Ep. 103. *To* Milo.

Milo, thou various Goods doſt for to ſale,
Which thoſe that buy, to bear away, ne're fail;
Thy Wife is better Ware, who often ſold,
Stays with the Seller, and is ſtill good Gold.

LIB. IV. Epigr. 91.

To his Book.

OH, 'tis enough, it is enough, my Book,
Upon the utmoſt Page thou now doſt loo
Would'ſt thou ſwell further yet? Yet larger be?
Not leave thy Paragraphs and Margins free?
As if to ſome known Period thou did'ſt tend,
When ev'ry Epigram may be thy End.
Reader and Printer tir'd, no more can brook,
'Tis time thy Self pronounce the Laſt Line ſtrook
Oh, 'tis Enough, Oh, 'tis Enough, my Book:

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